ATMAN
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JUNE...JULY
TEN CENTS

A SUPERMAN PUBLICATION DC

BAT MAN

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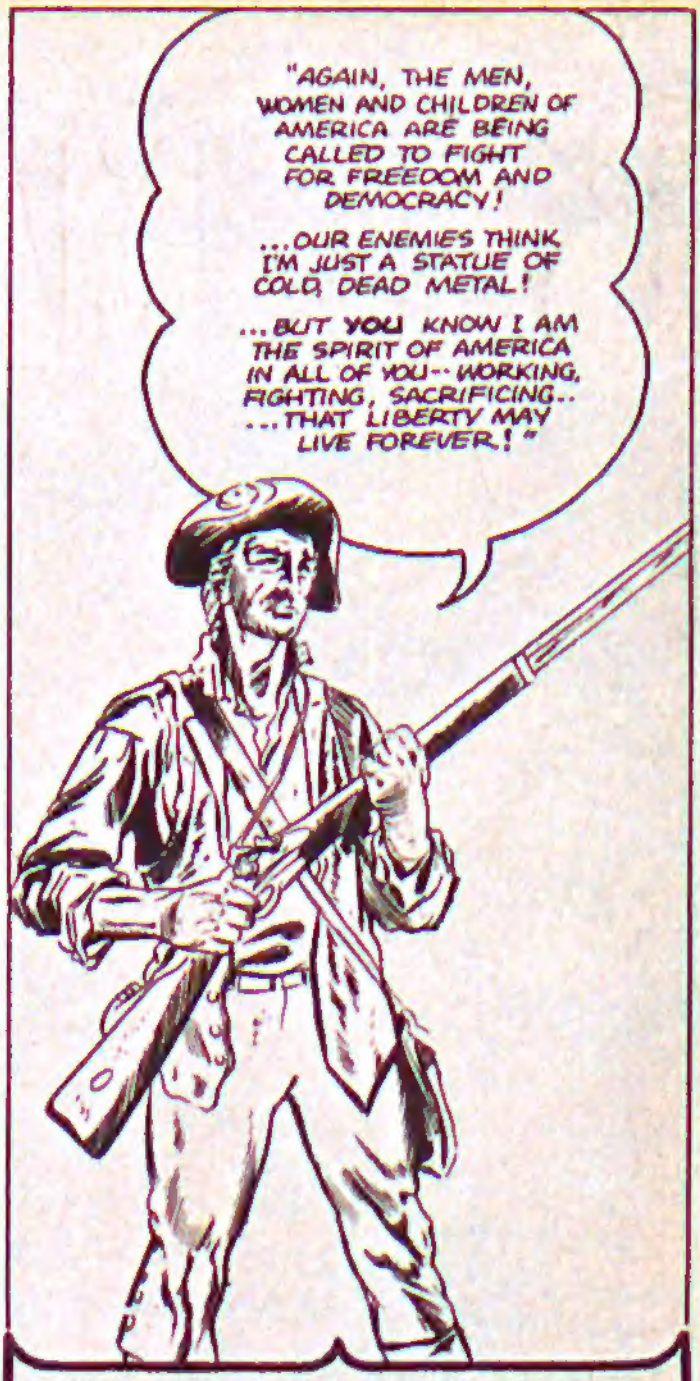
*Because the War Production Board has ordered a reduction in the use of paper, MORE FUN and ADVENTURE will be published bi-monthly; ALL-FLASH, ALL-STAR COMICS, WONDER WOMAN and MUTT & JEFF will become quarterlies; ALL-AMERICAN COMICS will be published only eight times a year, and PICTURE STORIES FROM THE BIBLE only twice a year for the duration.


"AGAIN, THE MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN OF AMERICA ARE BEING CALLED TO FIGHT FOR FREEDOM AND DEMOCRACY!
...OUR ENEMIES THINK I'M JUST A STATUE OF COLD, DEAD METAL!
...BUT YOU KNOW I AM THE SPIRIT OF AMERICA IN ALL OF YOU--WORKING, FIGHTING, SACRIFICING.. ...THAT LIBERTY MAY LIVE FOREVER!"

BUY MORE WAR BONDS and STAMPS

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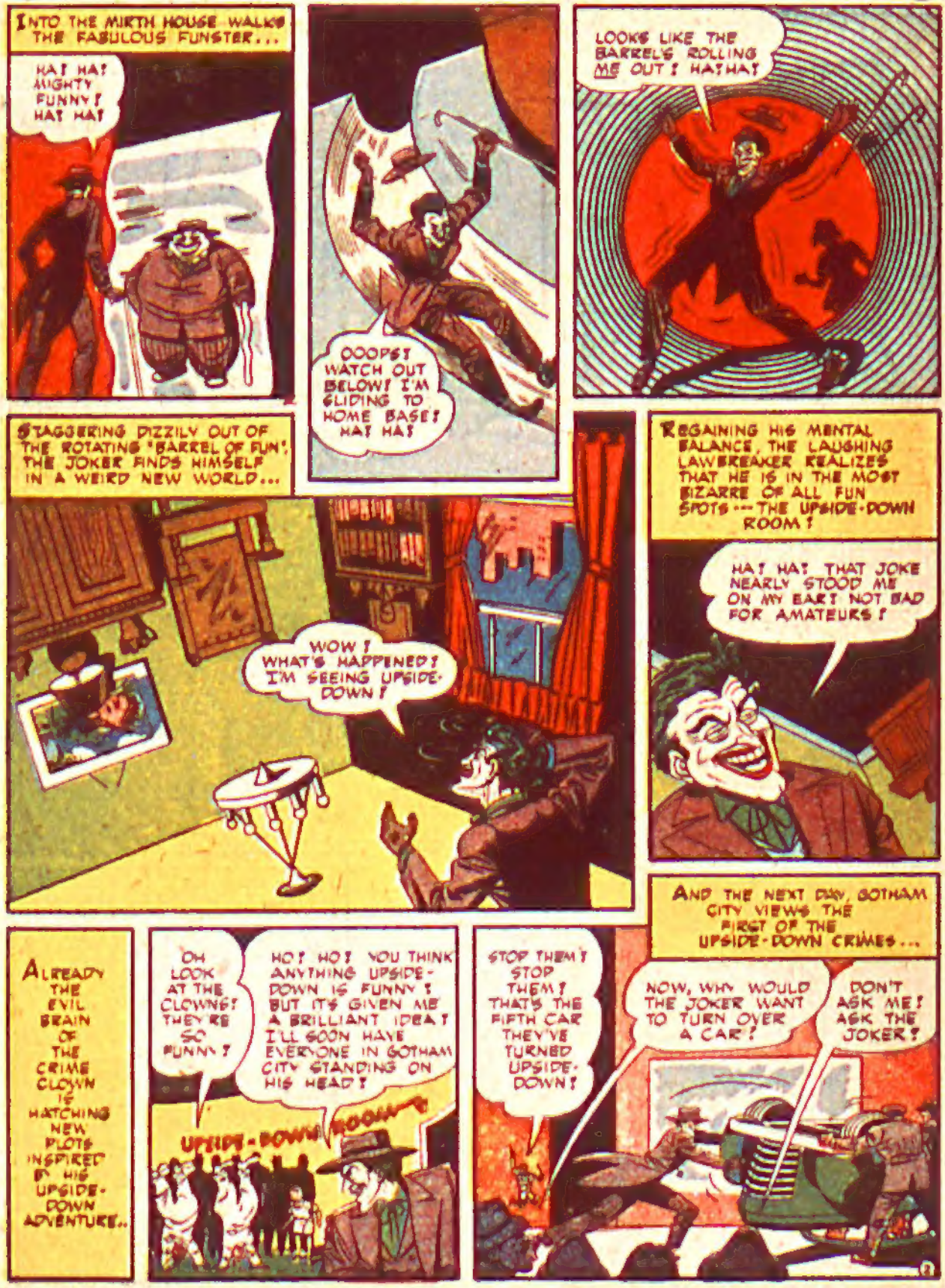
BAT MAN
WITH
ROBIN
THE BOY WONDER
A WORLD GONE MAD! A CITY TURNED UPSIDE-DOWN TO SPILL ITS WEALTH INTO THE LAP OF THAT DEVILISH DEALER IN DEADLY JESTS— THE JOKER! BATMAN AND ROBIN, THE BOY WONDER, MATCH THEIR KEEN WITS AND STEEL-TAUT MUSCLES AGAINST THE DIABOLICAL TOMFOOLERY OF THE FEARSOME FAKIR IN A MAD, BRAIN-REELING ADVENTURE STAGED IN A SETTING THAT DEFIES THE LAWS OF GRAVITY! HERE IT IS—THE STRANGE TALE OF HOW BATMAN BATTLES AGAINST EVIL IN A CITY TURNED TOPSY-TURVY BY THE—
THE UPSIDE DOWN CRIMES!
DOWN THE AVENUE OF MIRTH STROLLS THAT MAD MASTER OF MIRTH—THE JOKER!
HERE Y'ARE FOLKS! STEP INSIDE AND FORGET YOUR CARES! IT'S ALWAYS FUN TO BE FOOLED...
FUN!! FOOLED!! THAT GUY'S STEALING MY LINE! HA! HA! LET'S SEE IF HE CAN MAKE ME LAUGH!
FUN HOUSE


INTO THE MIRTH HOUSE WALKS THE FABULOUS FUNSTER...
HA! HA! MIGHTY FUNNY! HA! HA!
OOOPS! WATCH OUT BELOW! I'M GLIDING TO HOME BASE! HA! HA!
LOOKS LIKE THE BARREL'S ROLLING ME OUT! HA! HA!
STAGGERING DIZZILY OUT OF THE ROTATING "BARREL OF FUN", THE JOKER FINDS HIMSELF IN A WEIRD NEW WORLD...
WOW! WHAT'S HAPPENED? I'M SEEING UPSIDE-DOWN!
REGAINING HIS MENTAL BALANCE, THE LAUGHING LAWBREAKER REALIZES THAT HE IS IN THE MOST BIZARRE OF ALL FUN SPOTS --- THE UPSIDE-DOWN ROOM!
HA! HA! THAT JOKE NEARLY STOOD ME ON MY EAR! NOT BAD FOR AMATEURS!
AND THE NEXT DAY, GOTHAM CITY VIEWS THE FIRST OF THE UPSIDE-DOWN CRIMES...
STOP THEM! STOP THEM! THAT'S THE FIFTH CAR THEY'VE TURNED UPSIDE-DOWN!
NOW, WHY WOULD THE JOKER WANT TO TURN OVER A CAR?
DON'T ASK ME! ASK THE JOKER!
ALREADY THE EVIL BRAIN OF THE CRIME CLOWN IS HATCHING NEW PLOTS INSPIRED BY HIS UPSIDE-DOWN ADVENTURES..
OH LOOK AT THE CLOWNS! THEY'RE SO FUNNY!
HO! HO! YOU THINK ANYTHING UPSIDE-DOWN IS FUNNY! BUT IT'S GIVEN ME A BRILLIANT IDEA! I'LL SOON HAVE EVERYONE IN GOTHAM CITY STANDING ON HIS HEAD!
UPSIDE-DOWN ROOM!

BUT THIS IS ONLY THE MAD BEGINNING! THE NEXT DAY...

GEE, MADGE, AIN'T HE WUNNERFUL?

HEY! AUGH!

HA! HA! THIS WILL SEND YOU REELING!

MY GOODNESS!

THE CONTROL MAN MUST BE DAFFY!

HA! HA! LOVE TURNS THE WORLD TOPSY-TURVY!

AND THE HARLEQUIN OF CRIMES' MAD "UPSIDE-DOWN" PRANKS CONTINUE...

MODERN ART SURE IS CRAZY!

HA! HA! MINE IS THE GREATEST ART OF ALL!

BOY, YOU HAVE TO STAND ON YOUR HEAD TO SEE THIS EXHIBIT!

THE BRAIN-WHIRLING PRANKS ARE CLIMAXED BY A CRYPTIC MESSAGE SMOKE-SCRAWLED ACROSS THE SKY!

Rekoj ta krow

MEANWHILE, IN THE CRIME KING'S HIDEOUT...

THIS IS FUN, BOSS, BUT WHAT'S THE IDEA?

YEAH, BOSS! WHAT'RE WE GETTIN' OUT OF THESE CRAZY TRICKS?

SILENCE, YOU FOOLS! THE JOKER ALWAYS PUTS A STING INTO HIS JESTS! TONIGHT, WE PULL OUR FIRST JOB!

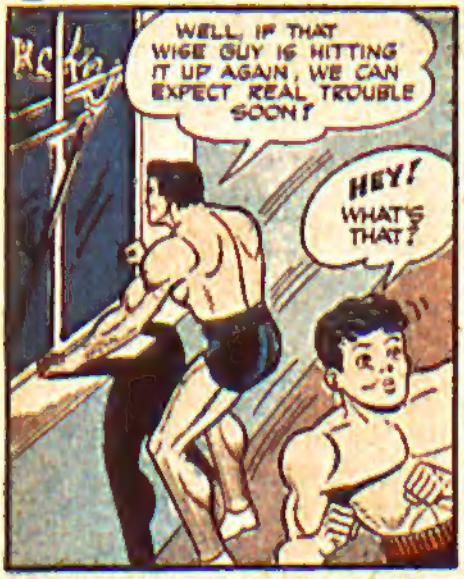
Rekoj

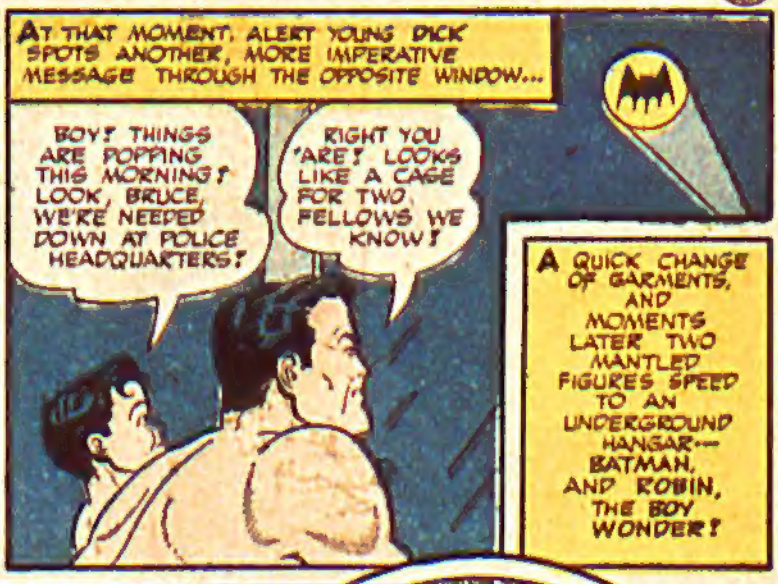
HERE, SNIPES, YOU TAKE THIS MESSAGE TO POLICE HEADQUARTERS! HA! HA! WILL BATMAN BE DIZZY WHEN I GET THROUGH WITH HIM!

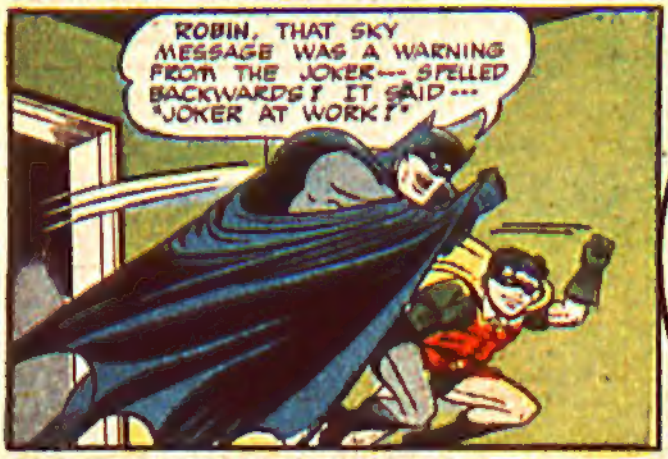
IN ANOTHER PART OF GOTHAM CITY... TWO LITHE-LIMBED YOUNG MEN, BRUCE WAYNE, AND HIS WARD, DICK GRAYSON, ARE IN A STRANGE POSITION---UPSIDE-DOWN!

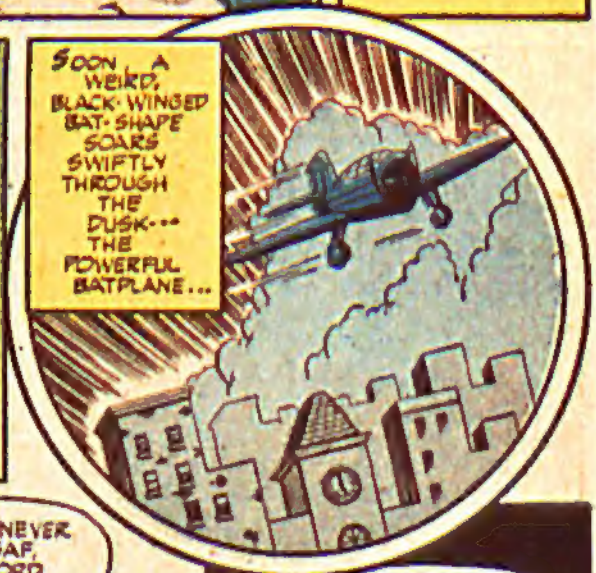
THIS REMINDS ME! WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THE JOKER'S NEW UPSIDE-DOWN TRICKS?

FOR THIS IS PART OF THEIR DAILY ROUTINE WORKOUT IN BRUCE'S GYM!


WELL, IF THAT WISE GUY IS HITTING IT UP AGAIN, WE CAN EXPECT REAL TROUBLE SOON!
HEY! WHAT'S THAT?

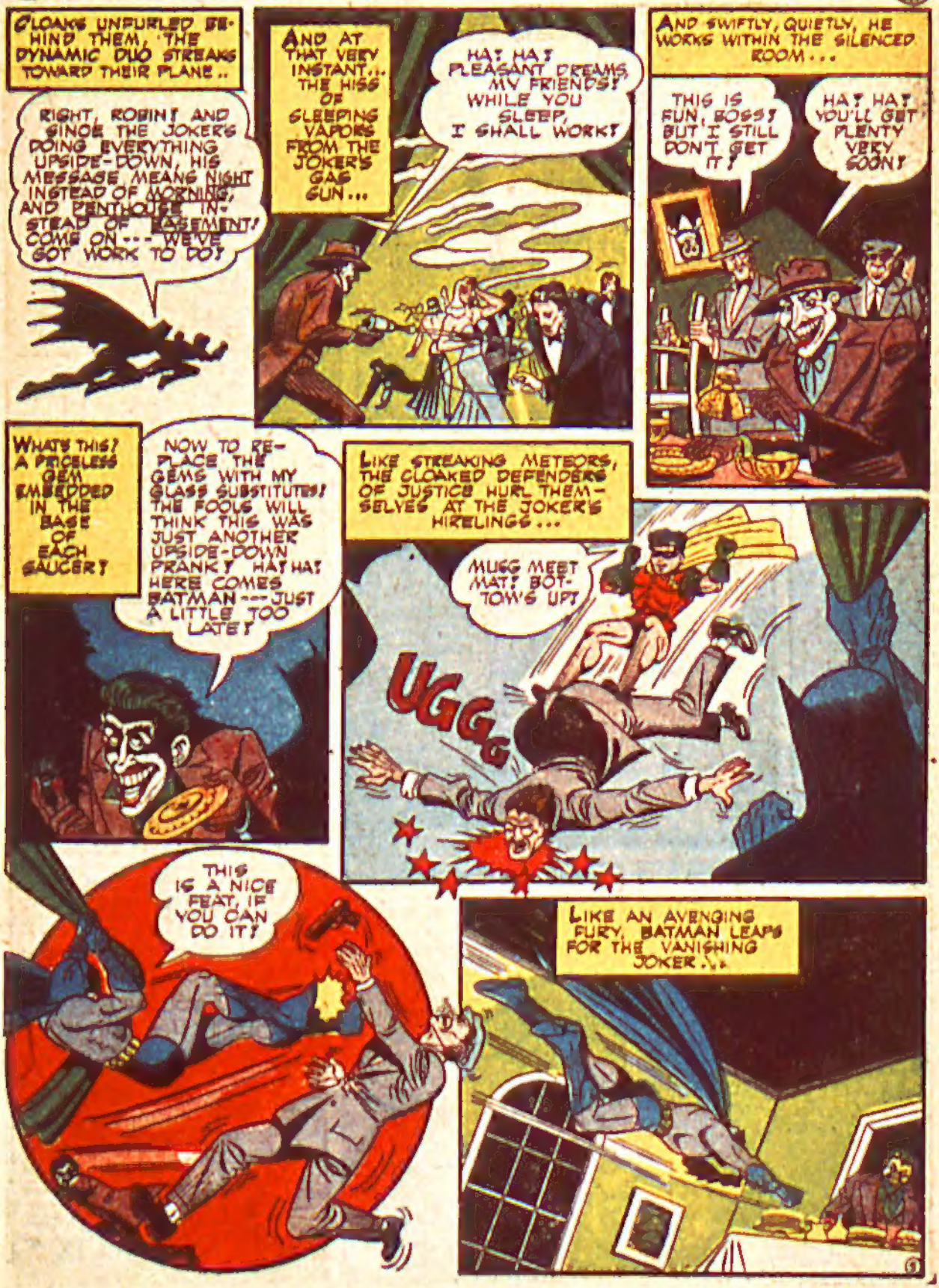

AT THAT MOMENT, ALERT YOUNG DICK SPOTS ANOTHER, MORE IMPERATIVE MESSAGE THROUGH THE OPPOSITE WINDOW...
BOY! THINGS ARE POPPING THIS MORNING! LOOK, BRUCE, WE'RE NEEDED DOWN AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS!
RIGHT YOU 'ARE! LOOKS LIKE A CAGE FOR TWO FELLOWS WE KNOW!
A QUICK CHANGE OF GARMENTS, AND MOMENTS LATER TWO MANTLED FIGURES SPEED TO AN UNDERGROUND HANGAR— BATMAN, AND ROBIN, THE BOY WONDER!


ROBIN, THAT SKY MESSAGE WAS A WARNING FROM THE JOKER— SPELLED BACKWARDS! IT SAID— "JOKER AT WORK!"


SOON A WEIRD, BLACK-WINGED BAT-SHAPE SOARS SWIFTLY THROUGH THE DUSK— THE POWERFUL BATPLANE...

THEN... AT COMMISSIONER GORDON'S OFFICE...
THIS MESSAGE FOR YOU JUST CAME FROM THE JOKER, BATMAN! WHAT DO YOU MAKE OF IT?
HMMM... "A CHALLENGE TO BATMAN! WILL STRIKE THIS MORNING, IN LEEGAF'S BASEMENT! SIGNED, THE JOKER!"

I'VE GOT IT! I NEVER HEARD OF LEEGAF, BUT READ THAT WORD BACKWARD AND IT SPELLS FAGEEL!
FAGEEL? ISN'T THAT THE NAME OF THAT HINDU PRINCE WHO IS DISPLAYING THOSE JEWELED RELICS IN HIS PENTHOUSE TONIGHT FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE U.S.O.?

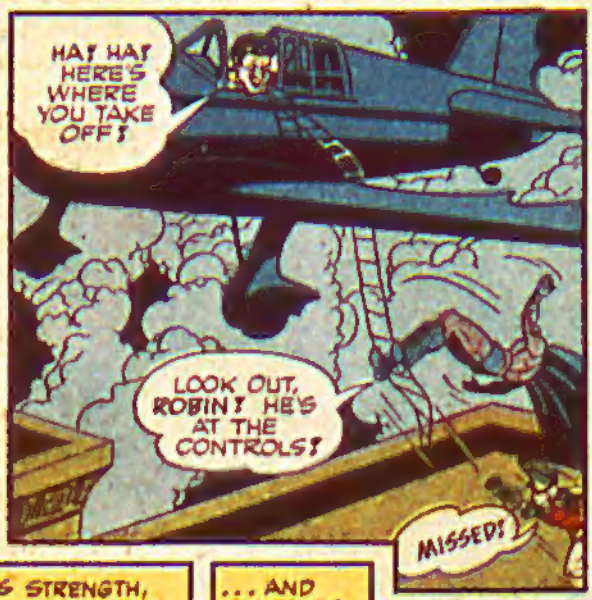

CLOAKS UNFURLED BEHIND THEM, THE DYNAMIC DUO STREAKS TOWARD THEIR PLANE..
RIGHT, ROBIN! AND SINCE THE JOKER'S DOING EVERYTHING UPSIDE-DOWN, HIS MESSAGE MEANS NIGHT INSTEAD OF MORNING, AND PENTHOUSE INSTEAD OF BASEMENT! COME ON--- WE'VE GOT WORK TO DO!
AND AT THAT VERY INSTANT... THE HISS OF SLEEPING VAPORS FROM THE JOKER'S GAS GUN...
HA! HA! PLEASANT DREAMS, MY FRIENDS! WHILE YOU SLEEP, I SHALL WORK!
AND SWIFTLY, QUIETLY, HE WORKS WITHIN THE SILENCED ROOM...
THIS IS FUN, BOSS! BUT I STILL DON'T GET IT!
HA! HA! YOU'LL GET PLENTY VERY SOON!
WHAT'S THIS? A PRICELESS GEM EMBEDDED IN THE BASE OF EACH SAUCER!
NOW TO REPLACE THE GEMS WITH MY GLASS SUBSTITUTES! THE FOOLS WILL THINK THIS WAS JUST ANOTHER UPSIDE-DOWN PRANK! HA! HA! HERE COMES BATMAN--- JUST A LITTLE TOO LATE!
LIKE STREAKING METEORS, THE CLOAKED DEFENDERS OF JUSTICE HURL THEMSELVES AT THE JOKER'S HIRELINGS...
MUGG MEET MAT! BOTTOM'S UP!
UGGG
THIS IS A NICE FEAT, IF YOU CAN DO IT!
LIKE AN AVENGING FURY, BATMAN LEAPS FOR THE VANISHING JOKER...

HA! HA! THE TABLES ARE TURNED! BUT MY CONGRATULATIONS FOR INTERPRETING MY MESSAGE!

OOPS! HE GAVE ME THE SLIP THAT TIME! NEXT TIME I'LL KEEP MY EYE PEELED!

UNDAUNTED, THE DYNAMIC DUO TAKES UP THE CHASE...
THE BATPLANE! HE'S GONE UP THE LADDER!
...OUT TO THE DARKENED TERRACE WHERE THE BATPLANE HANGS MOTIONLESS --- SUPPORTED BY THE AUTOMATIC GYROSCOPE STABILIZER.

SWIFTLY, THE BATMAN SWINGS ONTO THE LADDER OF THE SUSPENDED PLANE IN HOT PURSUIT!

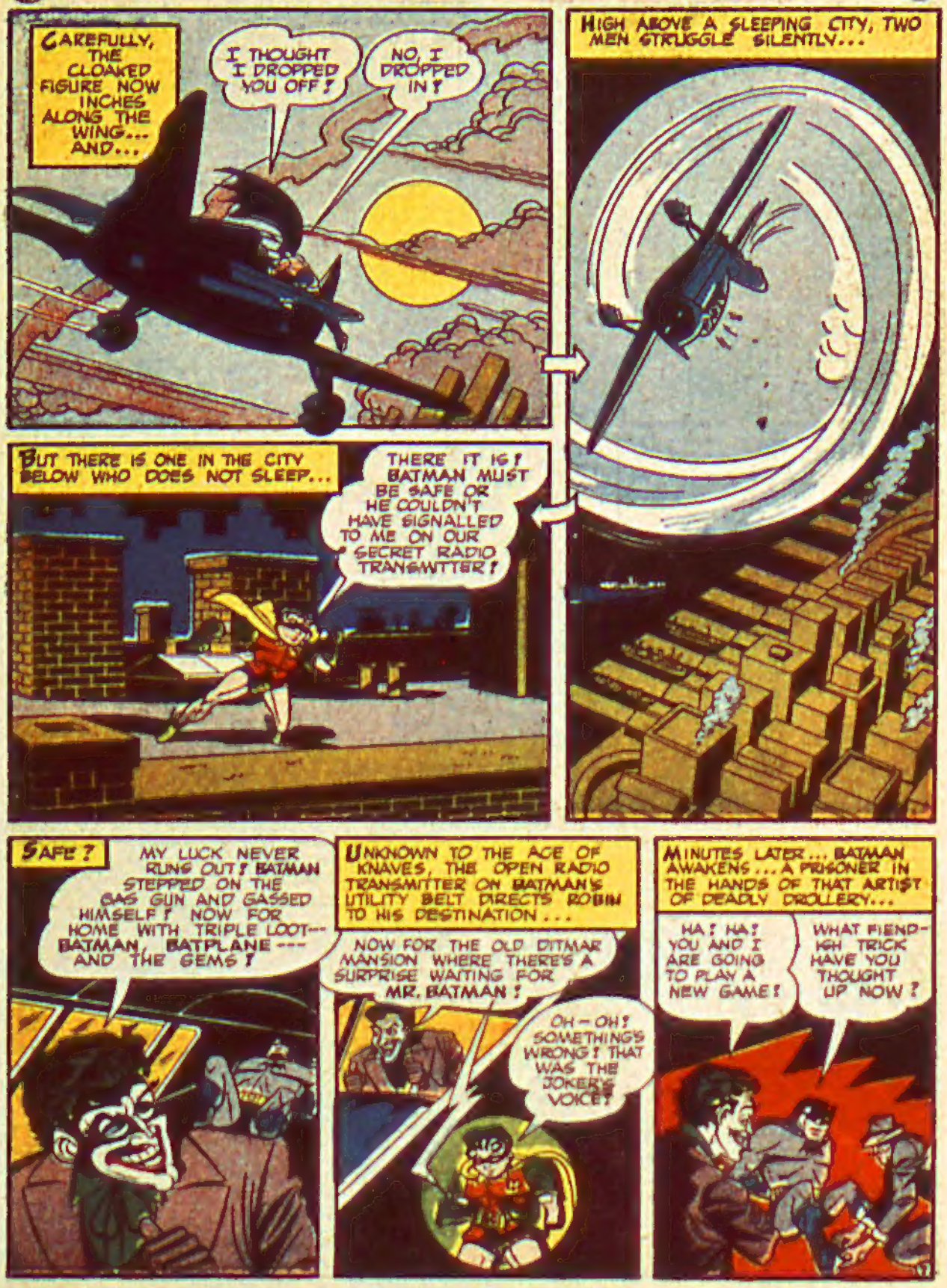

HA! HA! HERE'S WHERE YOU TAKE OFF!
LOOK OUT, ROBIN! HE'S AT THE CONTROLS!
MISSED!

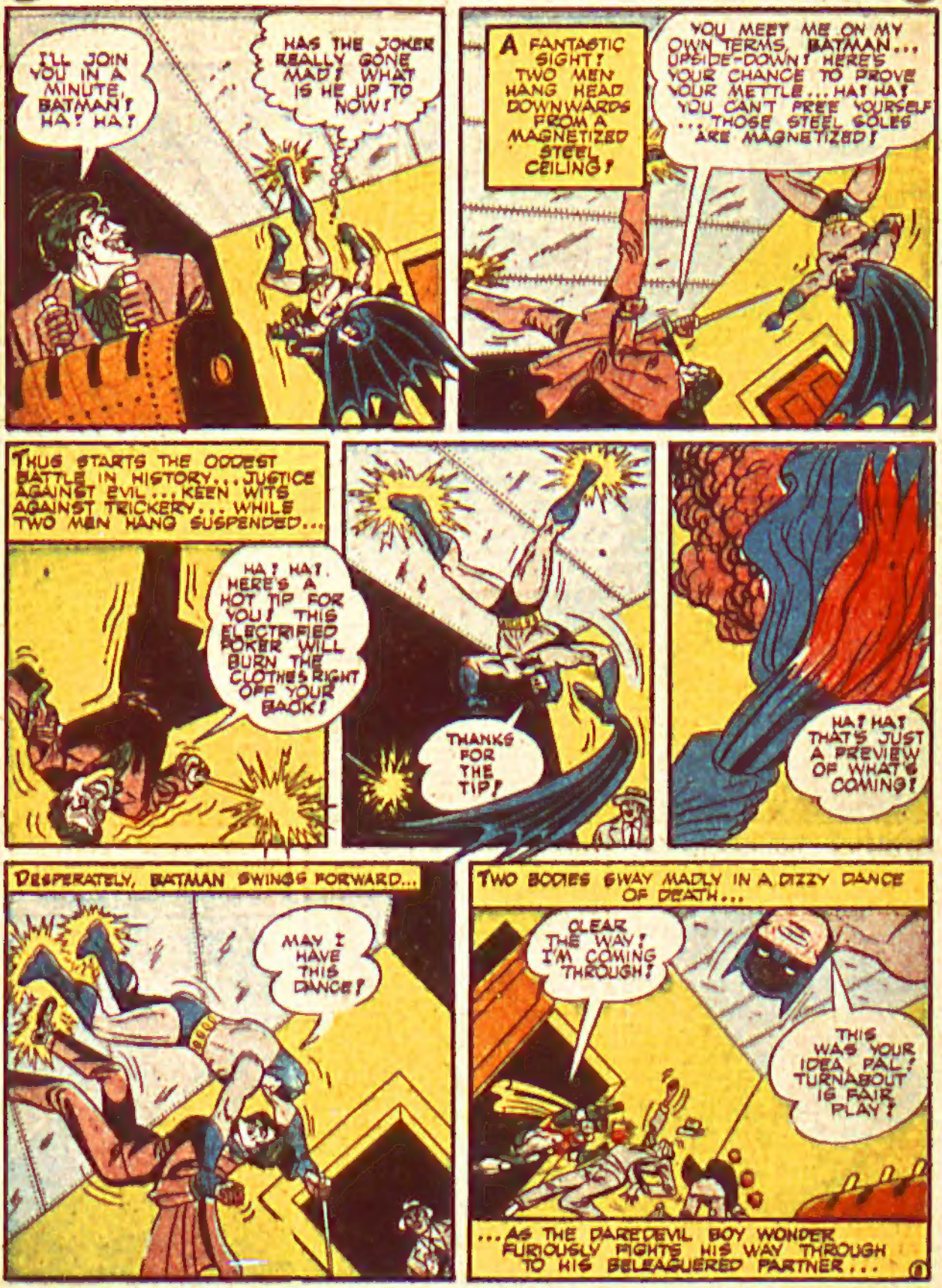
THE SHANGHAIED BATPLANE SOARS INTO THE NIGHT... WITH ITS DANGLING BURDEN...
THIS UPSIDE-DOWN BUSINESS IS GOING TOO FAR!

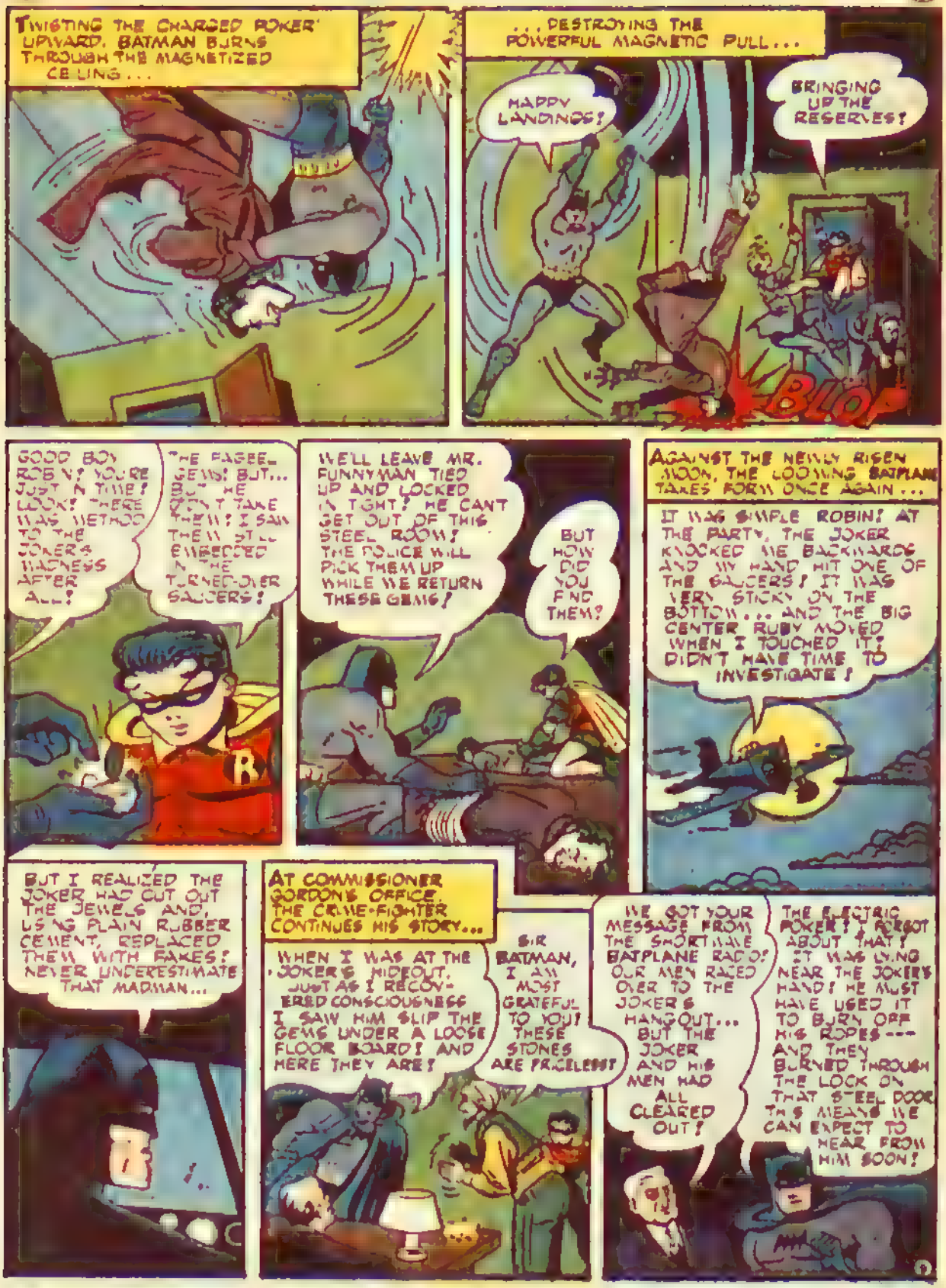
WITH DEXTEROUS STRENGTH, THE ACROBATMAN SWINGS UPWARD...

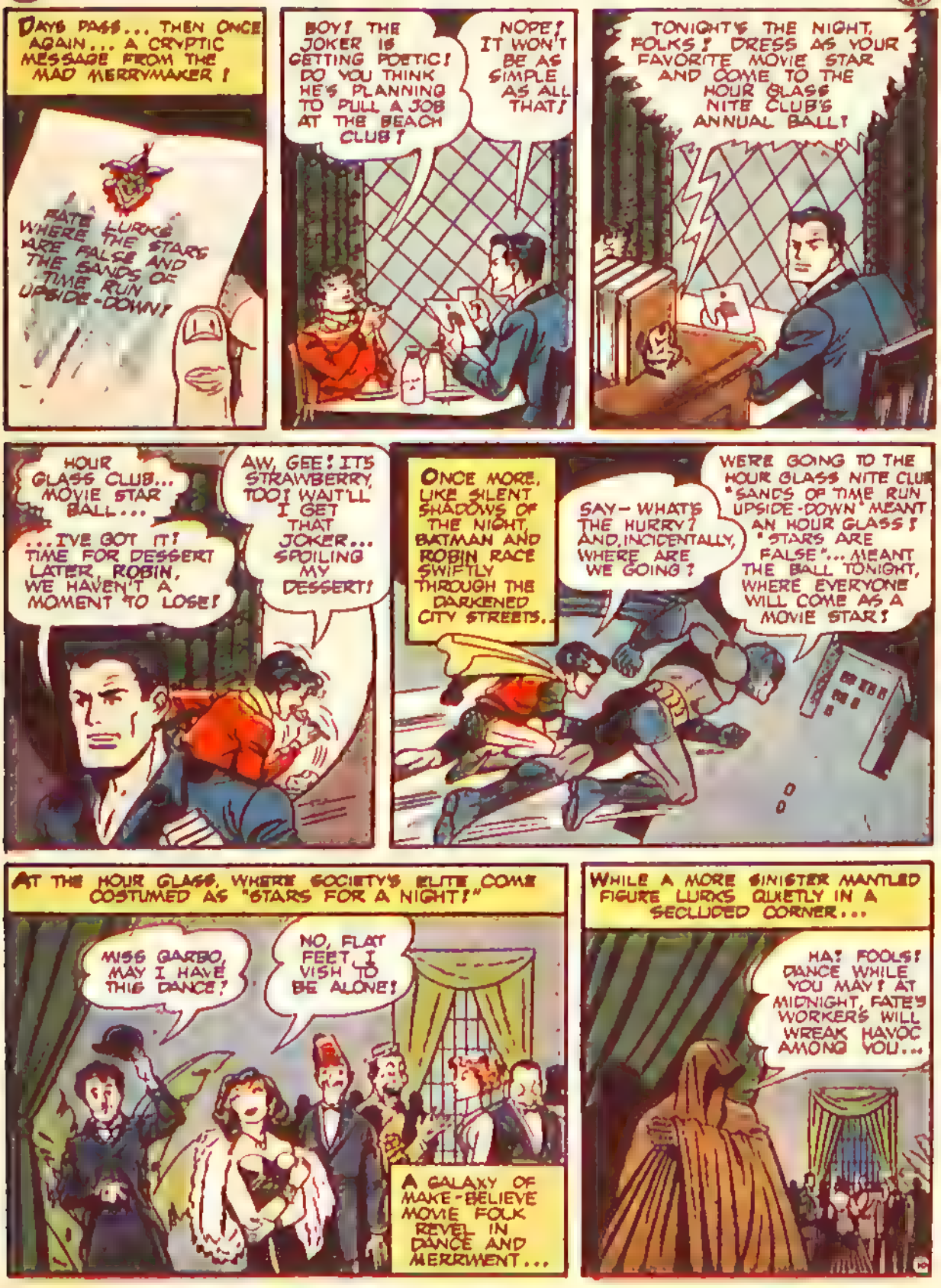
...AND CLUTCHES DESPERATELY AT THE SMOOTH-EDGED WING-TIP...
MADE IT! WHEW! THAT WAS CLOSE!

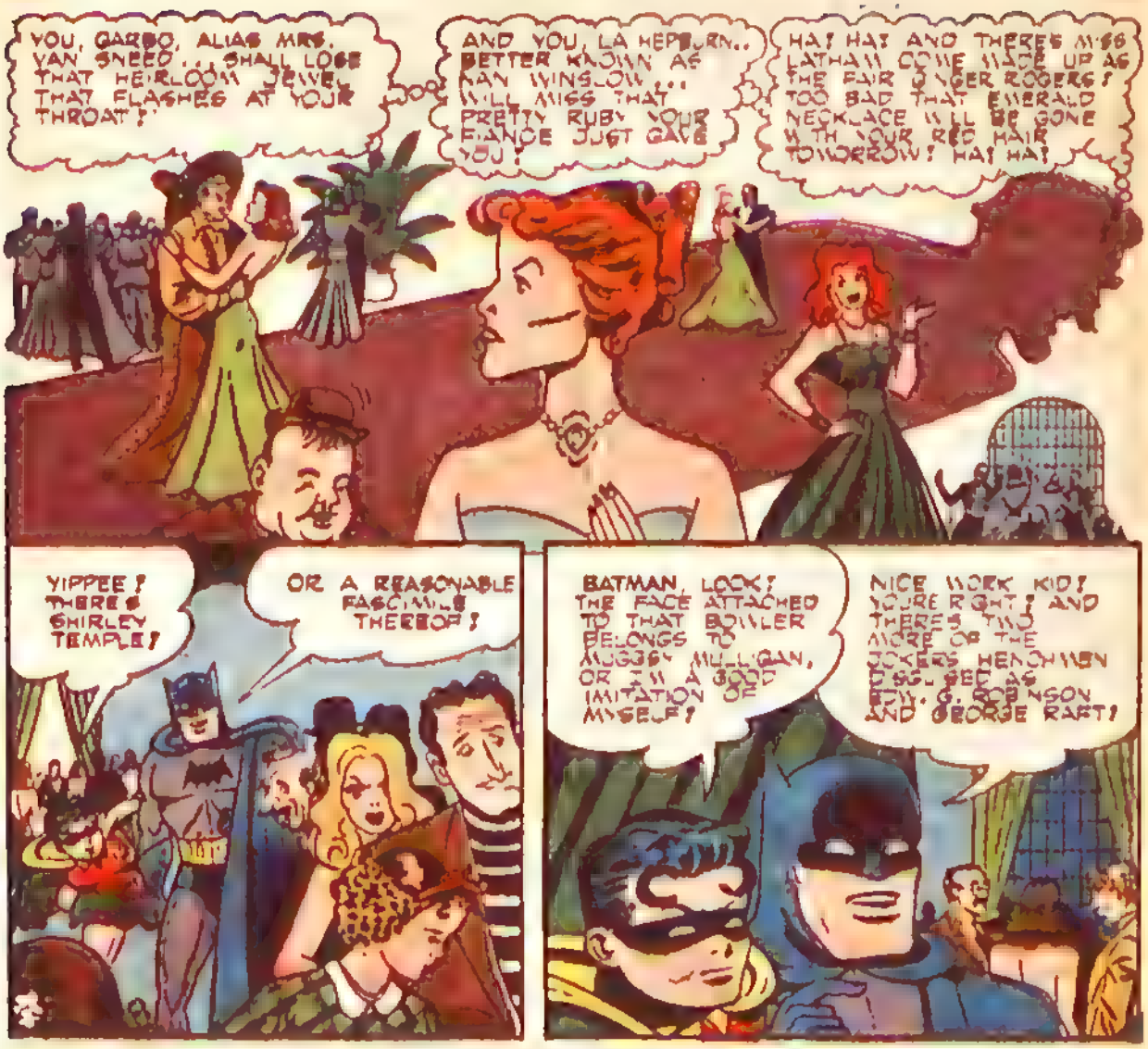
AN S.O.S. TO ROBIN... VIA THE TINY, YET POWERFUL PERSON-TO-PERSON RADIO HIDDEN IN BATMAN'S UTILITY BELT...
ROBIN, FOLLOW PLANE TO EAST END... FOLLOW PLANE...


CAREFULLY, THE CLOAKED FIGURE NOW INCHES ALONG THE WING... AND...
I THOUGHT I DROPPED YOU OFF!
NO, I DROPPED IN!
HIGH ABOVE A SLEEPING CITY, TWO MEN STRUGGLE SILENTLY...
BUT THERE IS ONE IN THE CITY BELOW WHO DOES NOT SLEEP...
THERE IT IS! BATMAN MUST BE SAFE OR HE COULDN'T HAVE SIGNALLED TO ME ON OUR SECRET RADIO TRANSMITTER!
SAFE?
MY LUCK NEVER RUNG OUT! BATMAN STEPPED ON THE GAS GUN AND GASSED HIMSELF! NOW FOR HOME WITH TRIPLE LOOT--- BATMAN, BATPLANE --- AND THE GEMS!
UNKNOWN TO THE ACE OF KNAVES, THE OPEN RADIO TRANSMITTER ON BATMAN'S UTILITY BELT DIRECTS ROBIN TO HIS DESTINATION...
NOW FOR THE OLD DITMAR MANSION WHERE THERE'S A SURPRISE WAITING FOR MR. BATMAN!
OH-OH! SOMETHING'S WRONG! THAT WAS THE JOKER'S VOICE!
MINUTES LATER... BATMAN AWAKENS... A PRISONER IN THE HANDS OF THAT ARTIST OF DEADLY DROLLERY...
HA! HA! YOU AND I ARE GOING TO PLAY A NEW GAME!
WHAT FIENDISH TRICK HAVE YOU THOUGHT UP NOW?


I'LL JOIN YOU IN A MINUTE, BATMAN! HA! HA!
HAS THE JOKER REALLY GONE MAD? WHAT IS HE UP TO NOW?
A FANTASTIC SIGHT! TWO MEN HANG HEAD DOWNWARDS FROM A MAGNETIZED STEEL CEILING!
YOU MEET ME ON MY OWN TERMS, BATMAN... UPSIDE-DOWN! HERE'S YOUR CHANCE TO PROVE YOUR METTLE... HA! HA! YOU CAN'T FREE YOURSELF ...THOSE STEEL SOLES ARE MAGNETIZED!
THUS STARTS THE ODDEST BATTLE IN HISTORY... JUSTICE AGAINST EVIL... KEEN WITS AGAINST TRICKERY... WHILE TWO MEN HANG SUSPENDED...
HA! HA! HERE'S A HOT TIP FOR YOU! THIS ELECTRIFIED POKER WILL BURN THE CLOTHES RIGHT OFF YOUR BACK!
THANKS FOR THE TIP!
HA! HA! THAT'S JUST A PREVIEW OF WHAT'S COMING!
DESPERATELY, BATMAN SWINGS FORWARD...
MAY I HAVE THIS DANCE?
TWO BODIES SWAY MADLY IN A DIZZY DANCE OF DEATH...
CLEAR THE WAY! I'M COMING THROUGH!
THIS WAS YOUR IDEA, PAL! TURNABOUT IS FAIR PLAY!
...AS THE DAREDEVIL BOY WONDER FURIOUSLY FIGHTS HIS WAY THROUGH TO HIS BELEAGUERED PARTNER...


TWISTING THE CHARGED POKER UPWARD, BATMAN BURNS THROUGH THE MAGNETIZED CEILING...
...DESTROYING THE POWERFUL MAGNETIC PULL...
HAPPY LANDINGS!
BRINGING UP THE RESERVES!
BLOP
GOOD BOY ROBIN! YOU'RE JUST IN TIME! LOOK! THERE WAS METHOD TO THE JOKER'S MADNESS AFTER ALL!
THE PASTE-GEMS! BUT... BUT HE DIDN'T TAKE THEM! I SAW THEM STILL EMBEDDED IN THE TURNED-OVER SAUCERS!
WE'LL LEAVE MR. FUNNYMAN TIED UP AND LOCKED IN TIGHT! HE CAN'T GET OUT OF THIS STEEL ROOM! THE POLICE WILL PICK THEM UP WHILE WE RETURN THESE GEMS!
BUT HOW DID YOU FIND THEM?
AGAINST THE NEWLY RISEN MOON, THE LOOMING BATPLANE TAKES FORM ONCE AGAIN...
IT WAS SIMPLE ROBIN! AT THE PARTY, THE JOKER KNOCKED ME BACKWARDS AND MY HAND HIT ONE OF THE SAUCERS! IT WAS VERY STICKY ON THE BOTTOM... AND THE BIG CENTER RUBY MOVED WHEN I TOUCHED IT! DIDN'T HAVE TIME TO INVESTIGATE!
BUT I REALIZED THE JOKER HAD CUT OUT THE JEWELS AND, USING PLAIN RUBBER CEMENT, REPLACED THEM WITH FAKES! NEVER UNDERESTIMATE THAT MADMAN...
AT COMMISSIONER GORDON'S OFFICE, THE CRIME-FIGHTER CONTINUES HIS STORY...
WHEN I WAS AT THE JOKER'S HIDEOUT, JUST AS I RECOVERED CONSCIOUSNESS I SAW HIM SLIP THE GEMS UNDER A LOOSE FLOOR BOARD! AND HERE THEY ARE!
SIR BATMAN, I AM MOST GRATEFUL TO YOU! THESE STONES ARE PRICELESS!
WE GOT YOUR MESSAGE FROM THE SHORT-WAVE BATPLANE RADIO! OUR MEN RACED OVER TO THE JOKER'S HANGOUT... BUT THE JOKER AND HIS MEN HAD ALL CLEARED OUT!
THE ELECTRIC POKER? I FORGOT ABOUT THAT! IT WAS LYING NEAR THE JOKER'S HAND! HE MUST HAVE USED IT TO BURN OFF HIS ROPES--- AND THEY BURNED THROUGH THE LOCK ON THAT STEEL DOOR! THIS MEANS WE CAN EXPECT TO HEAR FROM HIM SOON!


DAYS PASS... THEN ONCE AGAIN... A CRYPTIC MESSAGE FROM THE MAD MERRYMAKER!
FATE LURKS WHERE THE STARS ARE FALSE AND THE SANDS OF TIME RUN UPSIDE-DOWN!
BOY! THE JOKER IS GETTING POETIC! DO YOU THINK HE'S PLANNING TO PULL A JOB AT THE BEACH CLUB?
NOPE! IT WON'T BE AS SIMPLE AS ALL THAT!
TONIGHT'S THE NIGHT, FOLKS! DRESS AS YOUR FAVORITE MOVIE STAR AND COME TO THE HOUR GLASS NITE CLUB'S ANNUAL BALL!
HOUR GLASS CLUB... MOVIE STAR BALL...
...I'VE GOT IT! TIME FOR DESSERT LATER, ROBIN, WE HAVEN'T A MOMENT TO LOSE!
AW, GEE! IT'S STRAWBERRY, TOO! WAIT'LL I GET THAT JOKER... SPOILING MY DESSERT!
ONCE MORE, LIKE SILENT SHADOWS OF THE NIGHT, BATMAN AND ROBIN RACE SWIFTLY THROUGH THE DARKENED CITY STREETS..
SAY— WHAT'S THE HURRY? AND, INCIDENTALLY, WHERE ARE WE GOING?
WE'RE GOING TO THE HOUR GLASS NITE CLUB "SANDS OF TIME RUN UPSIDE-DOWN" MEANT AN HOUR GLASS! "STARS ARE FALSE"... MEANT THE BALL TONIGHT, WHERE EVERYONE WILL COME AS A MOVIE STAR!
AT THE HOUR GLASS, WHERE SOCIETY'S ELITE COME COSTUMED AS "STARS FOR A NIGHT!"
MISS GARBO, MAY I HAVE THIS DANCE?
NO, FLAT FEET, I VISH TO BE ALONE!
A GALAXY OF MAKE-BELIEVE MOVIE FOLK REVEL IN DANCE AND MERRIMENT...
WHILE A MORE SINISTER MANTLED FIGURE LURKS QUIETLY IN A SECLUDED CORNER...
HA! FOOLS! DANCE WHILE YOU MAY! AT MIDNIGHT, FATE'S WORKERS WILL WREAK HAVOC AMONG YOU...


YOU, GARBO, ALIAS MRS. VAN SNEED... SHALL LOSE THAT HEIRLOOM JEWEL THAT FLASHES AT YOUR THROAT!
AND YOU, LA HEPBURN.. BETTER KNOWN AS NAN WINSLOW... WILL MISS THAT PRETTY RUBY YOUR FIANCE JUST GAVE YOU!
HA! HA! AND THERE'S MISS LATHAM COME HOME UP AS THE FAIR GINGER ROGERS! TOO BAD THAT EMERALD NECKLACE WILL BE GONE WITH YOUR RED HAIR TOMORROW! HA! HA!

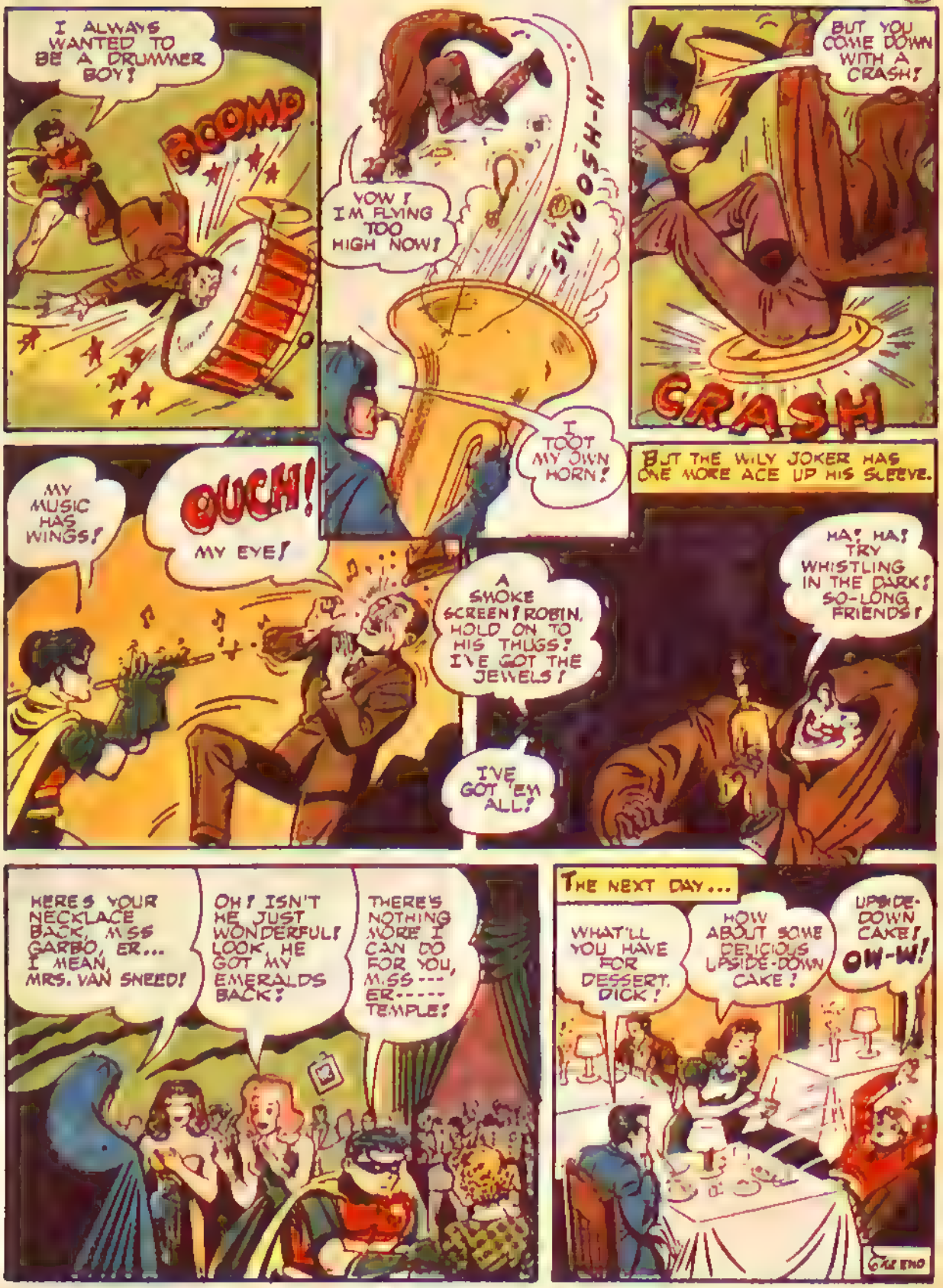
YIPPEE! THERE'S SHIRLEY TEMPLE!
OR A REASONABLE FASCIMILE THEREOF!

BATMAN, LOOK! THE FACE ATTACHED TO THAT BOWLER BELONGS TO MUGSY MULLIGAN, OR I'M A GOOD IMITATION OF MYSELF!
NICE WORK KID! YOU'RE RIGHT! AND THERE'S TWO MORE OF THE JOKERS HENCHMEN DISGUISED AS EDW. G. ROBINSON AND GEORGE RAFT!

SUDDENLY... WITHOUT WARNING... THE CLUB IS THROWN INTO DARKNESS!
SNAP

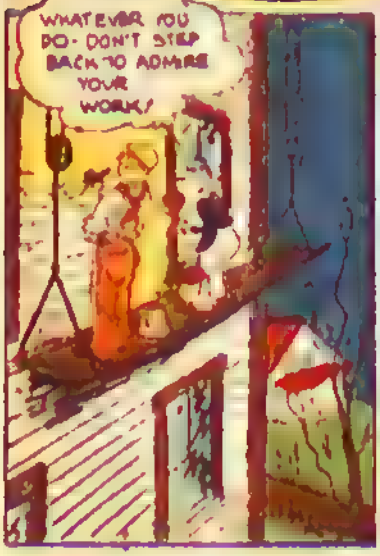
...AND AN EERIE VOICE TALKS INTO THE DARK... AS A SUDDEN BLAST OF WIND SWEEPS THROUGH THE ROOM... TURNING IT TOPSY-TURVY...
HA! HA! THE HOUR HAS STRUCK! NOW FATE LEADS THE DANCE! AND THE GLASS TURNS UPSIDE-DOWN TO SPILL ITS PRECIOUS GRAINS INTO MY HANDS!
HELP! THERE'S SOMETHING CHOKING ME...OH-HH!
I...I CAN'T BREATHE...
...AND WHIPS IN CHOKING HORDES ABOUT THE STRICKEN GUESTS...

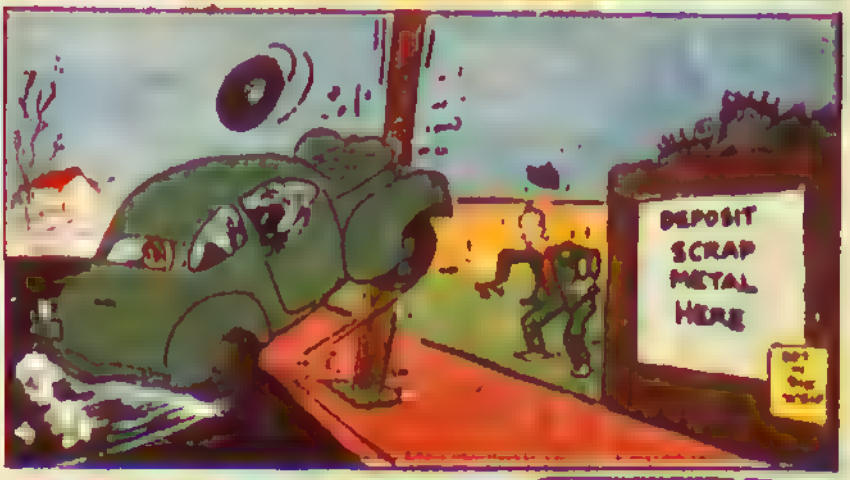
BUT TWO CLOAKED CHAMPIONS OF THE NIGHT CATAPULT FORWARD TO THE RESCUE...
WE'RE ONE UP ON THE JOKER THIS TIME! GOOD THING I THOUGHT OF PUTTING THAT MEDICATED COTTON IN OUR NOSTRILS!
YES! LUCKY WE SPOTTED THOSE YEGGS, TOO!
LIGHTS FLASH ON ... A SCENE OF MAD CONFUSION
I-I CAN HARDLY BREATHE! HELP! MY EMERALD'S GONE!
SO THAT WAS THE IDEA! KNOCK 'EM OUT, TURN THE ROOM TOPSY-TURVY, AND ESCAPE WITH THE JEWELS... SO EVERYONE WOULD THINK THEY HAD JUST BEEN LOST IN THE SCRAMBLE!
HI-YA, EDWARD G! ROBIN CLIPS YOUR NAME TO HIS SIZE!
HEY, UGH!
HAVE YOU TWO BAD ACTORS MET?
LOOK! IT'S REALLY BATMAN AND ROBIN!
UNSEEN, THE GRIM-GARBED JOKER BEGINS TO STEAL AWAY...
HA! HA! NOW TO GET AWAY WITH THE LOOT... AND LET THOSE STUPID THUGS TAKE THE RAP FOR ME!
NOT SO FAST, JOKER! THE FUN HAS JUST BEGUN!
HAVE YOU DONE YOUR PRACTICING TODAY?
WAKE UP, MISS..ER.. SHIRLEY! YOU'RE NOT HURT... JUST BEEN KNOCKED OUT A BIT!
LET'S EVEN UP THE SCORE, PAL!
ULP!


I ALWAYS WANTED TO BE A DRUMMER BOY!
BOOMP
WOW! I'M FLYING TOO HIGH NOW!
SWOOSH-H
I TOOT MY OWN HORN!
BUT YOU COME DOWN WITH A CRASH!
CRASH
BUT THE WILY JOKER HAS ONE MORE ACE UP HIS SLEEVE.
MY MUSIC HAS WINGS!
OUCH! MY EYE!
A SMOKE SCREEN! ROBIN, HOLD ON TO HIS THUGS! I'VE GOT THE JEWELS!
I'VE GOT 'EM ALL!
HA! HA! TRY WHISTLING IN THE DARK! SO-LONG FRIENDS!
HERE'S YOUR NECKLACE BACK, MISS GARBO, ER... I MEAN, MRS. VAN SNEED!
OH! ISN'T HE JUST WONDERFUL! LOOK, HE GOT MY EMERALDS BACK!
THERE'S NOTHING MORE I CAN DO FOR YOU, MISS--- ER----- TEMPLE!
THE NEXT DAY...
WHAT'LL YOU HAVE FOR DESSERT, DICK!
HOW ABOUT SOME DELICIOUS UPSIDE-DOWN CAKE!
UPSIDE-DOWN CAKE! OW-W!
THE END

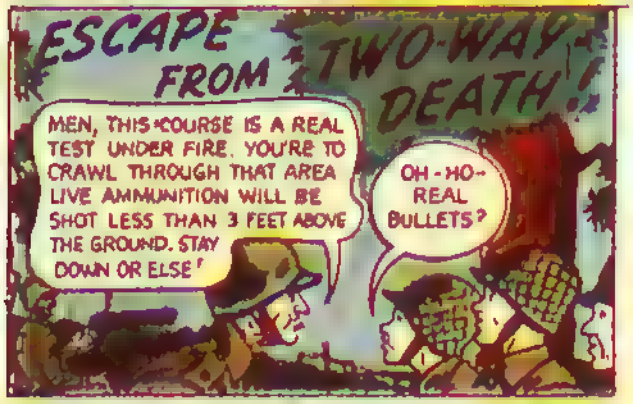
Life's Little Laffs

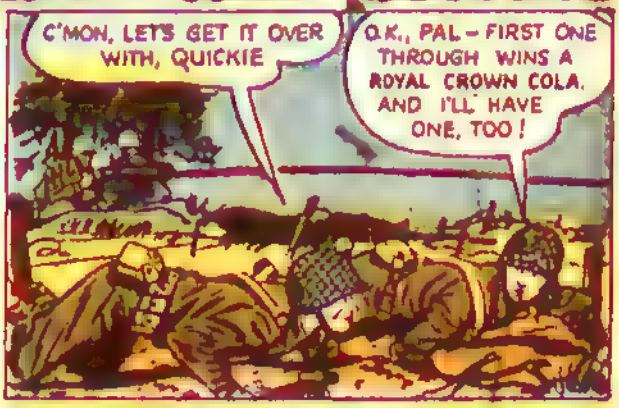
by Bob Kouhman

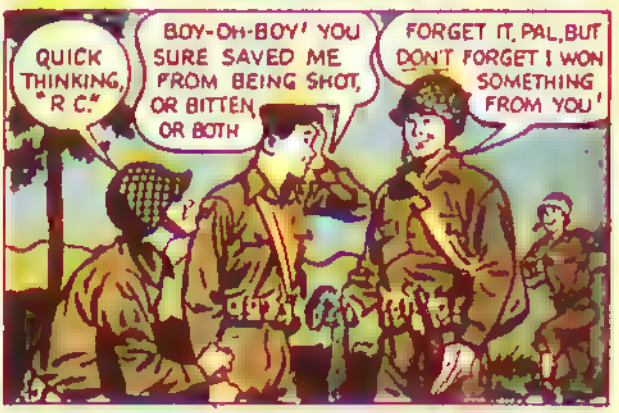




ADVENTURES OF "R.C." AND QUICKIE


ESCAPE FROM TWO-WAY DEATH!
MEN, THIS COURSE IS A REAL TEST UNDER FIRE. YOU'RE TO CRAWL THROUGH THAT AREA LIVE AMMUNITION WILL BE SHOT LESS THAN 3 FEET ABOVE THE GROUND. STAY DOWN OR ELSE!
OH-HO-REAL BULLETS?




QUICK THINKING, "R C."
BOY-OH-BOY! YOU SURE SAVED ME FROM BEING SHOT, OR BITTEN, OR BOTH
FORGET IT, PAL, BUT DON'T FORGET I WON SOMETHING FROM YOU!

I REALLY NEEDED A "QUICK-UP". THIS ROYAL CROWN COLA SURE TASTES GOOD
GOOD? WHY, QUICKIE, THIS IS THE BEST-TASTING COLA YOU CAN GET, AND 70 MOVIE STARS BACK ME UP
AT THE CANTEEN

FAMOUS FILM COWBOY HOOT GIBSON says
THAT GOES FOR ME, TOO! IT SURE TASTES BEST!
Hoot Gibson as Monogram Pictures "TRAIL BLAZERS" Series
ROYAL CROWN COLA
Best by Taste-Test!

BAT MAN

WITH

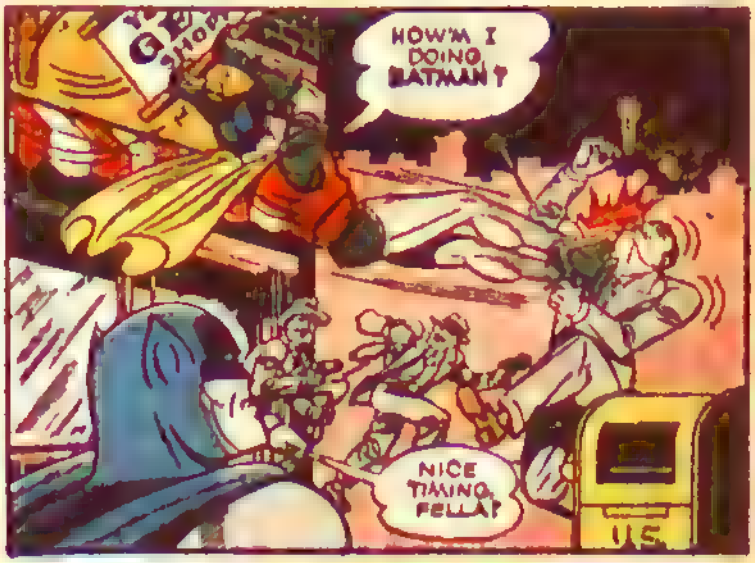
ROBIN

- THE BOY WONDER -

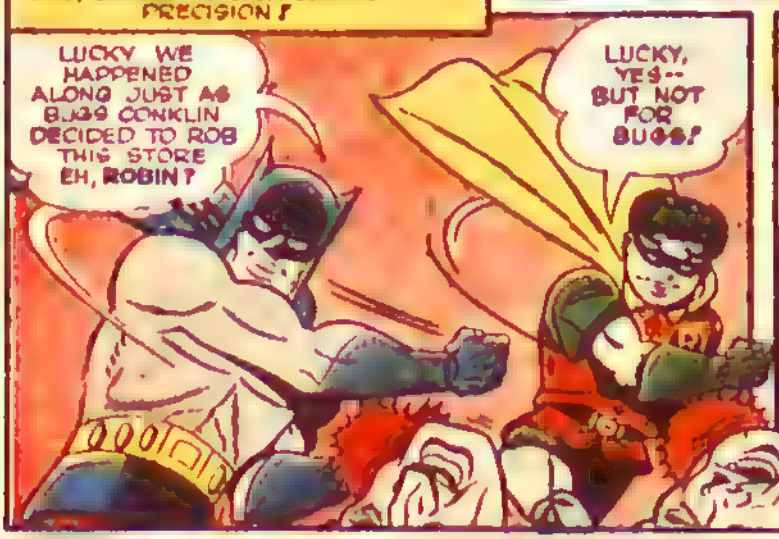
ADVENTURE IS HIS DAILY ROUTINE... MENACE IS THE CHALLENGE THAT SPURS HIM TO DAZZLING ACTION... PERIL IS THE SPICE THAT GUARANTEES THRILLS! YOU'VE SEEN THE RECKLESS, ROLLICKING ROBIN TAKE THEM ALL IN STRIDE, FIGHTING BESIDE THE BATTLING BATMAN TO MAKE THE WORLD SAFE FOR DECENT PEOPLE! BUT NOW A NEW INGREDIENT IS ADDED TO THE MIXTURE -- ROMANCE -- AND THE RESULT IS GUARANTEED TO SURPRISE YOU AS THE BOY WONDER DARTS ALONG DEVIOUS PATHS OF DANGER, DARING DEATH FROM GANGSTER GUNS TO RESCUE A VERY PRETTY LITTLE--

"DAMSEL IN DISTRESS!" BY

YOU'VE BEEN HIM BEFORE AND YOU'LL SEE HIM AGAIN-- THE MIGHTY BATMAN'S DARING YOUNG COMRADE IN COMBAT--ROBIN

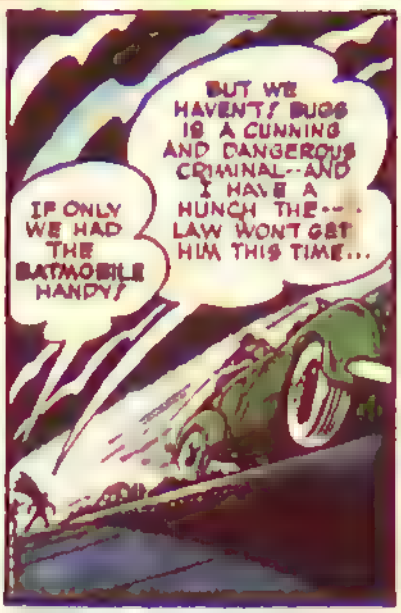


A PERFECT FIGHTING TEAM, THESE TWO, GEARED TO SPLIT-SECOND PRECISION!

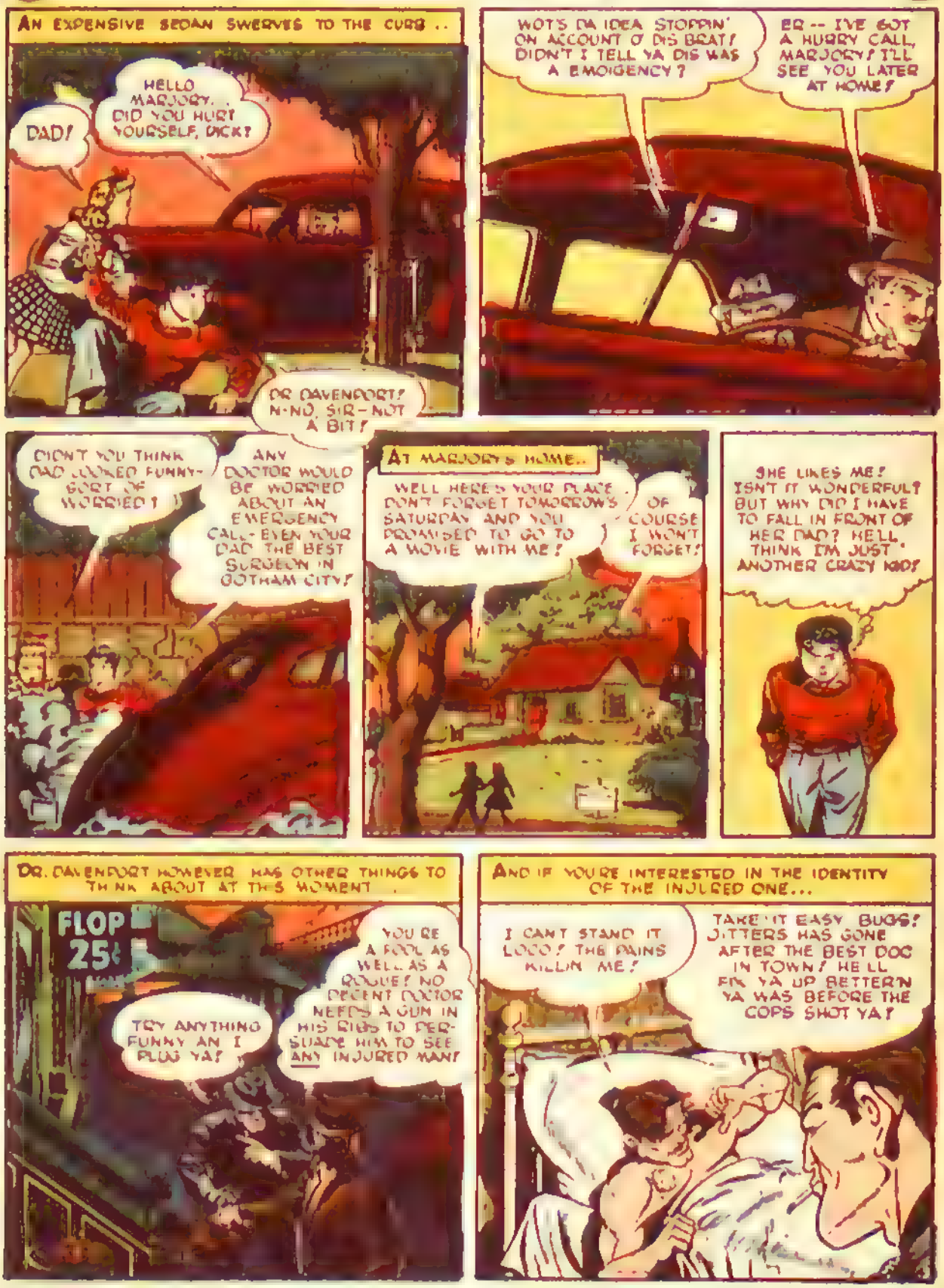


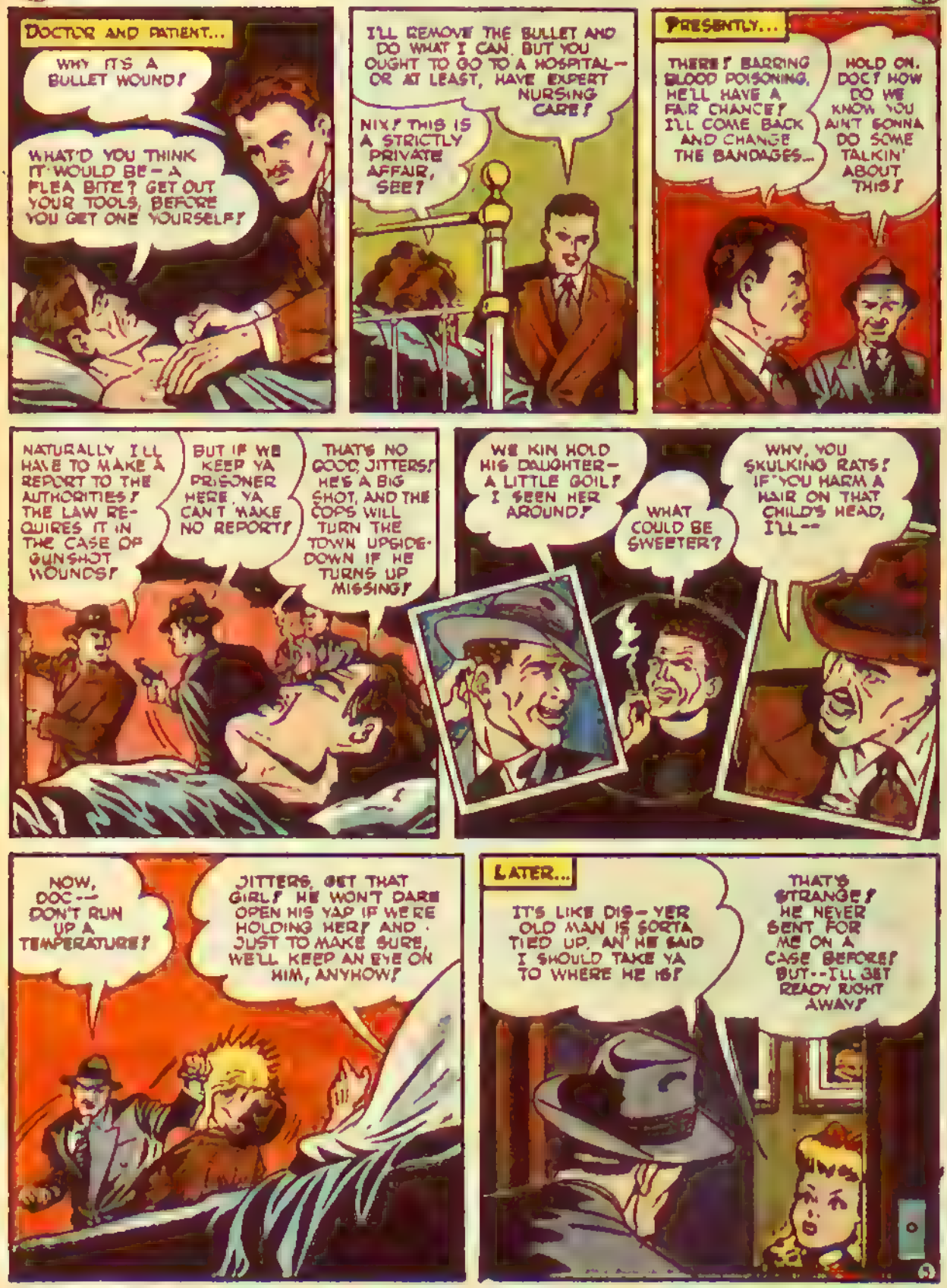
BUGS CONKLIN, UNDERWORLD KINGPIN, VALUES HIS SKIN EVEN ABOVE ILL-GOTTEN RICHES...

I DIDN'T EXPECT THEM TO START RUNNING SO SOON--BUT HERE COME THE POLICE!
TOO LATE! THE RATS ARE LEAVING THE LOOT-- BUT THEY'RE GETTING AWAY!


IF ONLY WE HAD THE BATMOBILE HANDY!
BUT WE HAVEN'T! BUGS IS A CUNNING AND DANGEROUS CRIMINAL--AND I HAVE A HUNCH THE-- LAW WON'T GET HIM THIS TIME...

SO MUCH FOR THE LAUGHING LAD WHO THRIVES ON HIGH ADVENTURE--BUT WE MUSTN'T FORGET THAT ROBIN IS HUMAN, EVEN AS YOU AND I!
WAKE UP, DICK! IT'S HALF-PAST SEVEN!
HUH?... SO SOON? SEEMS AS IF I JUST HIT THE HAY!
LIKE SOME MILLIONS OF OTHER AMERICAN YOUNGSTERS, HE MUST PUT SCHOOL AHEAD OF ALL OTHER BUSINESS...
LEADING A DOUBLE LIFE IS TOUGH, EH? BUT YOU KNOW OUR BARGAIN—IF YOU DON'T GET GOOD MARKS IN SCHOOL, YOU DON'T GO CROOK-CHASING!
HO HUM!.. IT'S TOUGH SOMETIMES, BRUCE—BUT IT'S WORTH IT!
AND IF ROMANCE SOMETIMES INTRUDES, EVEN IN THE MIDDLE OF LESSONS--WELL, THAT'S HUMAN ENOUGH, ISN'T IT?
MARJORY, WILL YOU TRANSLATE THIS LATIN PHRASE?
IT MEANS, "TO THE STARS THROUGH DIFFICULTIES!"
THE SMARTEST GIRL IN SCHOOL—AND THE PRETTIEST IN THE WHOLE WORLD!
WHEN CLASSES ARE DISMISSED...
MAY I CARRY YOUR BOOKS AGAIN, MARJORY?
WHAT A SILLY QUESTION, DICK GRAYSON! YOU KNOW I'D FEEL AWFUL IF YOU DIDN'T!
DICK'S GOT A GIRL! DICK'S GOT A GIRL!
I'M GLAD YOU'RE TOO MUCH OF A GENTLEMAN TO GET MAD AT THOSE BOYS FOR TEASING YOU!
OH, THEY'RE JUST TOO YOUNG TO UNDERSTAND WHAT LIFE IS ALL ABOUT!
EVER SINCE THE WORLD BEGAN, BOYS HAVE BEEN RISKING THEIR NECKS TO IMPRESS THEIR BEST GIRLS...AND DICK IS NO EXCEPTION!
WONDERFUL! BUT AREN'T YOU AFRAID YOU'LL HURT YOURSELF?
NOW LOOK WHO'S ASKING SILLY QUESTIONS!
DICK! HOW PERFECTLY TERRIBLE!


AN EXPENSIVE SEDAN SWERVES TO THE CURB ..
DAD!
HELLO MARJORY. . DID YOU HURT YOURSELF, DICK?
DR DAVENPORT? N-NO, SIR-NOT A BIT!
WOT'S DA IDEA STOPPIN' ON ACCOUNT O' DIS BEAT! DIDN'T I TELL YA DIS WAS A EMOIGENCY?
ER -- I'VE GOT A HURRY CALL, MARJORY! I'LL SEE YOU LATER AT HOME!
DIDN'T YOU THINK DAD LOOKED FUNNY-SORT OF WORRIED?
ANY DOCTOR WOULD BE WORRIED ABOUT AN EMERGENCY CALL- EVEN YOUR DAD THE BEST SURGEON IN GOTHAM CITY!
AT MARJORY'S HOME..
WELL HERE'S YOUR PLACE . DON'T FORGET TOMORROW'S SATURDAY AND YOU PROMISED TO GO TO A MOVIE WITH ME!
OF COURSE I WON'T FORGET!
SHE LIKES ME! ISN'T IT WONDERFUL? BUT WHY DID I HAVE TO FALL IN FRONT OF HER DAD? HELL, THINK I'M JUST ANOTHER CRAZY KID!
DR. DAVENPORT HOWEVER HAS OTHER THINGS TO THINK ABOUT AT THIS MOMENT .
FLOP
25¢
TRY ANYTHING FUNNY AN I PLUG YA!
YOU'RE A FOOL AS WELL AS A ROGUE! NO DECENT DOCTOR NEEDS A GUN IN HIS RIBS TO PERSUADE HIM TO SEE ANY INJURED MAN!
AND IF YOU'RE INTERESTED IN THE IDENTITY OF THE INJURED ONE...
I CAN'T STAND IT LOCO! THE PAINS KILLIN ME!
TAKE IT EASY BUGS! JITTERS HAS GONE AFTER THE BEST DOC IN TOWN! HE'LL FIX YA UP BETTER'N YA WAS BEFORE THE COPS SHOT YA!


DOCTOR AND PATIENT...
WHY IT'S A BULLET WOUND!
WHAT'D YOU THINK IT WOULD BE—A FLEA BITE? GET OUT YOUR TOOLS, BEFORE YOU GET ONE YOURSELF!
I'LL REMOVE THE BULLET AND DO WHAT I CAN. BUT YOU OUGHT TO GO TO A HOSPITAL—OR AT LEAST, HAVE EXPERT NURSING CARE!
NIX! THIS IS A STRICTLY PRIVATE AFFAIR, SEE!
PRESENTLY...
THERE! BARRING BLOOD POISONING, HE'LL HAVE A FAIR CHANCE! I'LL COME BACK AND CHANGE THE BANDAGES...
HOLD ON, DOC! HOW DO WE KNOW YOU AIN'T GONNA DO SOME TALKIN' ABOUT THIS!
NATURALLY I'LL HAVE TO MAKE A REPORT TO THE AUTHORITIES! THE LAW REQUIRES IT IN THE CASE OF GUNSHOT WOUNDS!
BUT IF WE KEEP YA PRISONER HERE, YA CAN'T MAKE NO REPORT!
THAT'S NO GOOD, JITTERS! HE'S A BIG SHOT, AND THE COPS WILL TURN THE TOWN UPSIDE-DOWN IF HE TURNS UP MISSING!
WE KIN HOLD HIS DAUGHTER—A LITTLE GOIL! I SEEN HER AROUND!
WHAT COULD BE SWEETER?
WHY, YOU SKULKING RATS! IF YOU HARM A HAIR ON THAT CHILD'S HEAD, I'LL--
NOW, DOC--DON'T RUN UP A TEMPERATURE!
JITTERS, GET THAT GIRL! HE WON'T DARE OPEN HIS YAP IF WE'RE HOLDING HER! AND JUST TO MAKE SURE, WE'LL KEEP AN EYE ON HIM, ANYHOW!
LATER...
IT'S LIKE DIS—YER OLD MAN IS SORTA TIED UP, AN' HE SAID I SHOULD TAKE YA TO WHERE HE IS!
THAT'S STRANGE! HE NEVER SENT FOR ME ON A CASE BEFORE! BUT--I'LL GET READY RIGHT AWAY!

THE FOLLOWING DAY, AT THE WAYNE HOME...
WHAT'S THIS? ARE YOU AFTER THE TITLE OF BEST DRESSED YOUNG MAN, OR HAVE YOU FALLEN IN LOVE?
LOVE? WHATEVER GAVE YOU THAT FOOLISH NOTION?
FOOLISH OR NOT I'D BET ON IT!
ALL DRESSED UP — AND IT BEGINS TO LOOK AS IF DICK WON'T GOING ANYWHERE!
WHY NO, MISTER DICK — I HAVE NO IDEA WHERE MISS MARJORY IS! BUT THE DOCTOR MUST KNOW...
MAYBE I'D BETTER SEE HIM! WE HAD AN IMPORTANT ENGAGEMENT...
OH, HELLO, DICK! MEET DR. JITTERS, MY NEW ASSISTANT!
UH HELLO...
ONE OF BUGS' GANGSTERS!
HI, KID! ME AN' DA DOC IS GETTIN' READY TA LEAVE, SO DON'T HANG AROUND!
DIDN'T MARJORY TELL YOU SHE WAS GOING TO VISIT HER AUNT NONA FOR A FEW DAYS?
WHY, NO! SHE NEVER MENTIONED ANY AUNT NONA!
IT JUST SHOWS YA CAN'T DEPEND ON GALS!
WAIT! NOW THAT YOU'RE HERE, I MIGHT AS WELL GIVE YOU THAT PRESCRIPTION FOR YOUR COLD!
COLD?... WHY-- UH-- OH YES! (COUGH) (COUGH)
IT DON'T SOUND LIKE MUCH!
I'LL JUST MAKE SURE YA DON'T MAKE ANY MISTAKES DAT MIGHT BE FATAL, DOC!
YOU CAN SEE FOR YOURSELF, IT'S A SIMPLE PREPARATION FOR CLEARING UP TROUBLE OF THIS SORT!
TROUBLE IS RIGHT — AND SOMEHOW MARJORY IS MIXED UP IN IT!

OUTSIDE AGAIN...

THAT THUG IS STANDING GUARD OVER THE DOCTOR! HE KNOWS I HAVE NO COLD SO THIS PRESCRIPTION MUST BE A MESSAGE...

R. DAVENPORT, M.D.

R

Periculum
Praecautum
– 1 oz
Lex.
Q.S.

DICK'S SCHOOLING PAYS A DIVIDEND...

THOSE ARE LATIN WORDS, BUT THEY'RE NOT THE NAMES OF MEDICINES! PERICULUM MEANS "DANGER"; PRAECAUTUM MEANS "CAUTION"; LEX IS "LAW" — AND Q.S. MEANS QUANTUM SUFFICIT OR "AS MUCH AS NECESSARY!"

WHAT HE MEANS IS, "DANGER! USE AN OUNCE OF CAUTION! CALL THE COPS — AND MAKE SURE THERE ARE ENOUGH!" IT'S A PRESCRIPTION FOR TROUBLE, ALL RIGHT— AND I'M GOING TO FILL IT!

BUT I'M NOT GOING TO CALL THE POLICE TILL I KNOW MORE ABOUT IT! IF MARJORY IS IN THE HANDS OF BUGS' HOODLUMS A POLICE RAID MIGHT ENDANGER HER LIFE!

IF THEY'VE HURT HER, I'LL MAKE THEM WISH THEY'D NEVER BEEN BORN!

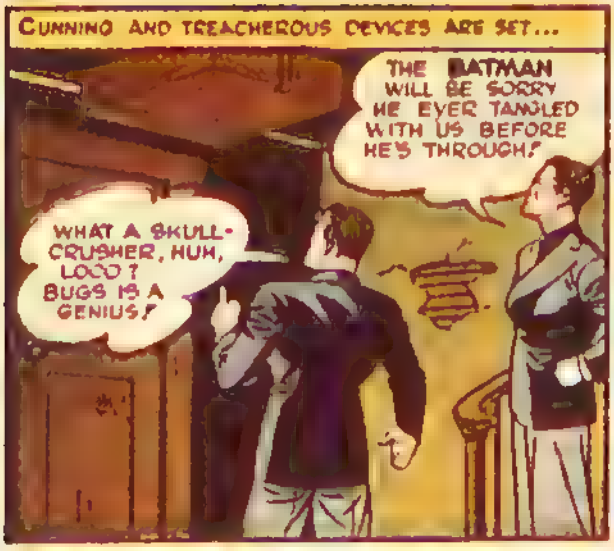
A SWIFT DRIVE ACROSS THE CITY – AND AS THE CAR FINALLY COMES TO A HALT THE COURAGEOUS BOY PEERS FROM HIS HIDING PLACE...

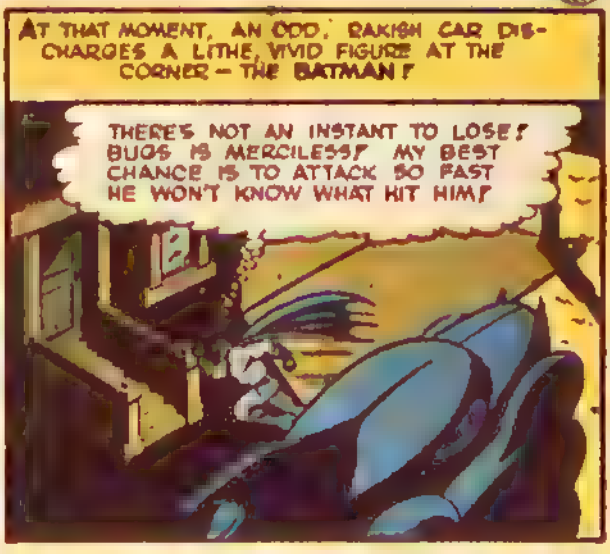
DON'T FORGET, DOC – TRY TO PULL A FAST ONE, AN' BOTH YOU AN' YER DAUGHTER GETS IT IN DA NECK!

SHE'S IN THAT HOUSE! I'LL NEED THE BATMAN'S HELP – BUT I'VE GOT TO MAKE SURE SHE'S SAFE BEFORE HE COMES BARGING IN! THAT MEANS I'LL HAVE TO GET IN AHEAD OF HIM...

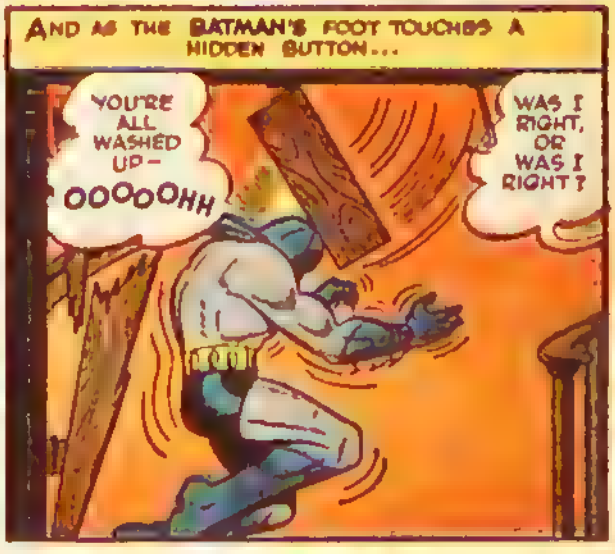
DICK'S KEEN BRAIN FORGES A DARING PLAN...
THIS WILL DO... HOW MUCH IS IT?
THAT'S THE VERY BEST WE HAVE IN STOCK... IT WILL BE A DOLLAR AND A QUARTER!
A MINUTE LATER...
GOT THAT ADDRESS, BRUCE? WELL THAT'S WHERE BUGS IS! I'M GOING TO LET HIM CAPTURE ME AND I'LL NEED THE BATMAN TO COME THROUGH IN ONE PIECE!
YOU'RE GOING TO—WHAT? ARE YOU OUT OF YOUR MIND? DICK?... HELLO?... HE'S HUNG UP!
EXIT BRUCE WAYNE — AND ENTER THE BATMAN!
IF ONLY HE WEREN'T SO CARELESS OF HIS OWN SAFETY!... WELL, IT WON'T TAKE ME LONG TO REACH HIM!
IN A DESERTED BUILDING ENTRANCE, ANOTHER LIGHTNING CHANGE OF COSTUME TAKES PLACE...
I'VE GOT TO DO IT! I CAN'T AFFORD TO FAIL! I'VE GOT TO BE NEAR HER WHEN THINGS START POPPING!
I JUST SAW A SHADOW PASS THE WINDOW, SO SOMEBODY'S IN THAT ROOM...
WITHIN THE ROOM...
MY POOR LITTLE GIRL! YOU—YOU'RE ALL RIGHT?
DON'T WORRY ABOUT ME, DAD! DO WHAT THEY TELL YOU, AND—MAYBE THEY'LL LET US GO!
CUT OUT THE SOB STUFF! I'M THE PATIENT! THE GIRL AIN'T GOT NO BULLETS IN HER—YET!
IF YA DON'T PULL BUGS THROUGH, YA KNOW WHAT'S GONNA HAPPEN TO YOU AND THE KID!

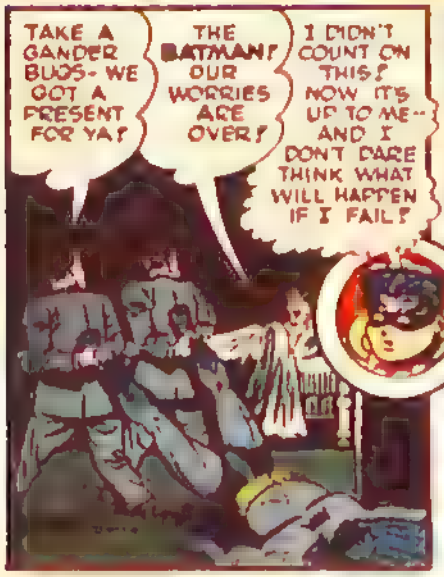
SUDDENLY...
HEY— LOOK!
ANYBODY HOME?
WHY— IT'S ROBIN, THE BATMAN'S PARTNER! DAD, WE'RE SAVED!
DR. JITTERS, I PRESUME?
I'LL GET HIM!
ISN'T HE WONDERFUL?
MAYBE DR. DAVENPORT WILL PUT YOUR JAW IN A SLING!
A FINE THING! I'M HALF DEAD— BUT I STILL GOTTA TAKE CARE OF THINGS!
ROBIN! LOOK OUT!
A PISTOL ROARS, AND...
THAT'LL HOLD YOU!
GRAB THAT BRAT! TIE HIM UP! THE BATMAN MUST BE CLOSE BY— BUT HE WON'T DARE TOUCH US IF WE'VE GOT THE KID!
A MERE SCRATCH, ROBIN! LUCKILY, YOU WERE ONLY STUNNED!
I'VE HEARD SO MUCH ABOUT YOU, ROBIN! I'M TERRIBLY SORRY THEY CAPTURED YOU!
SO AM I! I PROMISED A FRIEND OF YOURS - DICK GRAYSON — THAT I'D BRING YOU BACK TO KEEP YOUR DATE WITH HIM!
GO THROUGH THE JOINT AND SET THE TRAPS I RIGGED UP! THE BATMAN MAY SHOW UP ANY MINUTE! I'LL KEEP DOC AND THE KIDS QUIET!


CUNNING AND TREACHEROUS DEVICES ARE SET...
THE BATMAN WILL BE SORRY HE EVER TANGLED WITH US BEFORE HE'S THROUGH!
WHAT A SKULL-CRUSHER, HUH, LOCO? BUGS IS A GENIUS!

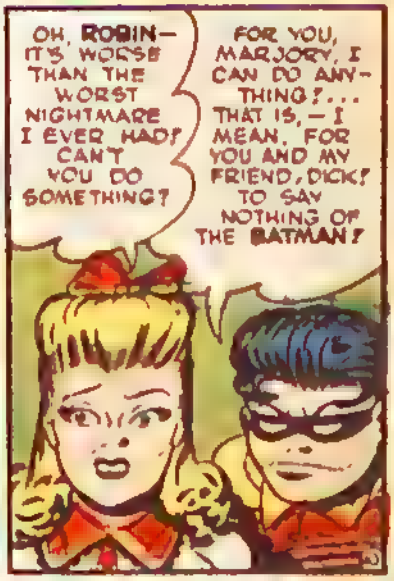

AT THAT MOMENT, AN ODD, RAKISH CAR DISCHARGES A LITHE, VIVID FIGURE AT THE CORNER – THE BATMAN!
THERE'S NOT AN INSTANT TO LOSE! BUGS IS MERCILESS! MY BEST CHANCE IS TO ATTACK SO FAST HE WON'T KNOW WHAT HIT HIM!

SECONDS LATER...
YIIIII– HE'S IN!
IN ABOUT A SECOND HE'LL BE OUT– COLD!
LIKE OPPORTUNITY, I KNOCK JUST ONCE– BUT HARD!


AND AS THE BATMAN'S FOOT TOUCHES A HIDDEN BUTTON...
YOU'RE ALL WASHED UP– OOOOOHH
WAS I RIGHT, OR WAS I RIGHT?


TAKE A GANDER BUGS– WE GOT A PRESENT FOR YA!
THE BATMAN! OUR WORRIES ARE OVER!
I DIDN'T COUNT ON THIS! NOW IT'S UP TO ME– AND I DON'T DARE THINK WHAT WILL HAPPEN IF I FAIL!

WHAT A BREAK! WHEN THE BATMAN COMES TO, I'M GONNA PUT HIM OUT AGAIN – FOR KEEPS!


OH, ROBIN– IT'S WORSE THAN THE WORST NIGHTMARE I EVER HAD! CAN'T YOU DO SOMETHING?
FOR YOU, MARJORY, I CAN DO ANYTHING!... THAT IS,– I MEAN, FOR YOU AND MY FRIEND, DICK! TO SAY NOTHING OF THE BATMAN!

NOR IS ROBIN BOASTING IDLY — FOR AS HIS FINGER CURLS THE OBJECT HE BOUGHT IN THE HARDWARE STORE SLICES THROUGH THE HEAVY LEATHER OF HIS GLOVE!...

... A TINY SECTION OF HACKSAW BLADE, RAZOR-SHARP, IS TURNED AGAINST THE ROPES THAT HOLD HIM POWERLESS...

AS THE MISTS OF INSENSIBILITY LIFT FROM HIS BRAIN, THE BATMAN LOOKS DEATH IN THE FACE — NOT FOR THE FIRST TIME!

I'M WOUNDED AND I'M SICK — BUT I'M A BETTER MAN THAN YOU ARE, BATMAN! YOU'RE DRAWING YOUR LAST BREATH RIGHT NOW!

BY KILLING ME, BUGS, YOU'RE DOOMING YOURSELF! ONE OF THESE DAYS THE ELECTRIC CHAIR WILL CATCH UP WITH YOU!

EVEN AS THE KILLER'S TRIGGER FINGER TIGHTENS, A SMALL BUT AGILE BODY MOVES WITH FRANTIC SPEED — AND...

WHILE THEY'RE DUSTING OFF THE ELECTRIC CHAIR THIS ONE WILL HAVE TO DO!

AAA-AAA-AA

ROBIN!

SHOTS CRASH OUT WILDLY AS THE ARCH-CRIMINAL'S HENCHMEN FIGHT DESPERATELY...

YA AIN'T GETTIN' AWAY WITH IT!

THEN YOUR AIM HAD BETTER IMPROVE IN A HURRY!

THIS WON'T KILL YOU — BUT YOU'LL BE AS GOOD AS DEAD FOR QUITE A WHILE!

YES — BUT HE HAD YOU PICKED OUT FOR HIS BULLETS!

NO FAIR! I HAD LOCO PICKED OUT FOR MYSELF!

WELL, ROBIN, WE KEPT OUR PROMISE TO EACH OTHER! BUGS AND HIS PALS WILL SPEND A LONG TIME IN PRISON!
NOT BUGS, BATMAN! THAT WOUND DIDN'T GET ATTENTION SOON ENOUGH! INFECTION HAS SET IN, AND HE CAN'T LIVE MORE THAN A DAY OR TWO AT THE MOST!
THAT'S WHY I RISKED SENDING A MESSAGE! IF BUGS DIED THE OTHERS WERE GOING TO KILL MY DAUGHTER AND ME! WE WOULDN'T HAVE HAD A CHANCE IF YOU HADN'T COME ALONG!
IT WAS ROBIN WHO CAME ALONG FIRST— AND I THINK I KNOW WHY HE WANTED TO BE ON THE INSIDE WHEN THE FIGHTING STARTED!
YOU'RE WONDERFUL, MARVELLOUS— SIMPLY GRAND! NO OTHER BOY IN THE WORLD IS LIKE YOU! WON'T I EVER SEE YOU AGAIN?
WELL, MAYBE... BUT DON'T FORGET— DICK GRAYSON IS A GRAND KID, TOO!
MONDAY MORNING — AND TIME FOR SCHOOL AGAIN...
LOOK— I'VE GOT THE HANG OF IT NOW!
*OH, DICK! AFTER SEEING WHAT ROBIN CAN DO, THAT SEEMS SO JUVENILE!
MARJORY, YOU'VE CHANGED! YOU SEEM DIFFERENT! DON'T YOU— DON'T YOU LIKE ME ANY MORE?
OF COURSE I DO! YOU DECIPHERED THAT MESSAGE DAD WROTE IN LATIN AND SENT ROBIN TO RESCUE ME! AND I LIKE YOU BECAUSE YOU'RE GOING TO DO ME A VERY IMPORTANT FAVOR.
YOU'RE GOING TO ARRANGE FOR ME TO MEET ROBIN AGAIN — OR ELSE I'LL REALLY STOP LIKING YOU!
BUT ROBIN IS— WELL— ER— HE'S PRETTY BUSY, YOU KNOW...
MARJORY, WILL YOU TELL THE NATURAL HISTORY CLASS WHICH IS THE BEST-LOVED OF OUR AMERICAN BIRDS?
THE ROBIN!
A FINE THING! I'M MY OWN RIVAL— AND I CAN'T DO A THING ABOUT IT!

Sensation Comics
Detective Comics
All-American Comics
Flash Comics
Follow Batman and Robin every month in Detective Comics
Action Comics
Fun Comics
Adventure Comics
Star Spangled Comics
A Superman Publication
DC
Now on sale everywhere
A Superman Publication
DC

"Stick around fellas—this ought to be good—Spike doesn't know that Pee Wee has been eating Wheaties!"

SMART BOY, PEE WEE. HE KNOWS THAT A FAVORITE TRAINING DISH OF MANY STAR-PERFORMERS IS MILK, FRUIT, AND WHEATIES, "BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS."

YOU GET MIGHTY IMPORTANT NOURISHMENT IN A MAN-SIZED BOWL OF WHEATIES. ESSENTIAL NOURISHMENT PACKED IN BIG, GOLDEN FLAKES THAT ARE ROASTED AND TOASTED AND DELICIOUSLY FLAVORED WITH RICH MALT SYRUP

SMART EATING AND SWELL TASTING ... THAT'S MILK, FRUIT, AND WHEATIES, "BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS"

HEY, LOOK! SPECIAL OFFER GOOD ONLY WHILE OUR LIMITED SUPPLIES LAST. GET HANDSOME MECHANICAL PENCIL SHAPED LIKE BIG LEAGUE BASEBALL BAT... STREAMLINE CURVED TO FIT YOUR FINGERS. SEND 10¢ AND ONE WHEATIES BOX TOP TO GENERAL MILLS, INC., DEPT. 644, MINNEAPOLIS 15, MINN. AND SEND TODAY.

"Breakfast of Champions"

WITH MILK AND FRUIT

"Wheaties" and "Breakfast of Champions" are registered trade marks of GENERAL MILLS, INC.

HAPPY HAPPY

FOLKS, HERE'S A NEW NOTION ON VICTORY GARDENS THAT WILL POSITIVELY MAKE YOU WANNA THROW YOUR RATION BOOKS AWAY!— LISTEN!..

—ANDY REALLY GOES TO TOWN (OR SOMEWHERE) ON THIS NUMBER, AND IF YOU FOLLOW HIS DIRECTIONS TO THE LETTER YOUR PANTRY WILL BURST WIDE OPEN WITH THE CHOICEST DELICACIES EVER PRESERVED —. FOLLOW DIRECTIONS CAREFULLY —. YE ED.

FIRST,— AND THIS IS OF THE GREATEST IMPORTANCE,— TURN THE SOIL OF YOUR GARDEN COMPLETELY UPSIDE DOWN: IN OTHER WORDS "INSIDE OUT"— OR AS WE SAY AT AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE,— BOTTOMS UP!!

THEN, (WHILE THE SOIL IS STILL SEMI-LIMP,) PREPARE TEN DOZEN PARAFFIN PATTY CAKES,— (CIRCULAR,)-SIZED EXACTLY 9×9×3 —.

NEXT— AS SOON AS PARAFFIN WAFERS HAVE COOLED PLACE THEM ONE-FOOT BELOW THE SURFACE, EXACTLY (AND THIS IS MOST IMPORTANT TOO,) SIX INCHES APART—.

NOW WE'RE GETTING SOMEWHERE — NEXT PLANT SEEDS, (ASSORTED ONIONS, TURNIPS, TOMATOES, LETTUCE, SQUASH, ETC. ETC. ETC.— EXACTLY SIX INCHES ABOVE PARAFFIN DISCS —.

NEXT.— (AND HERE'S THE PAY-OFF,) INSERT EXACTLY TEN DOZEN PRESERVING JARS, (UPSIDE DOWN,) DIRECTLY ABOVE SEEDS —.

NOW JUST ROCK ON YOUR PORCH FOR THE REST OF THE SEASON, AND JUST LET NATURE TAKE ITS COURSE!—

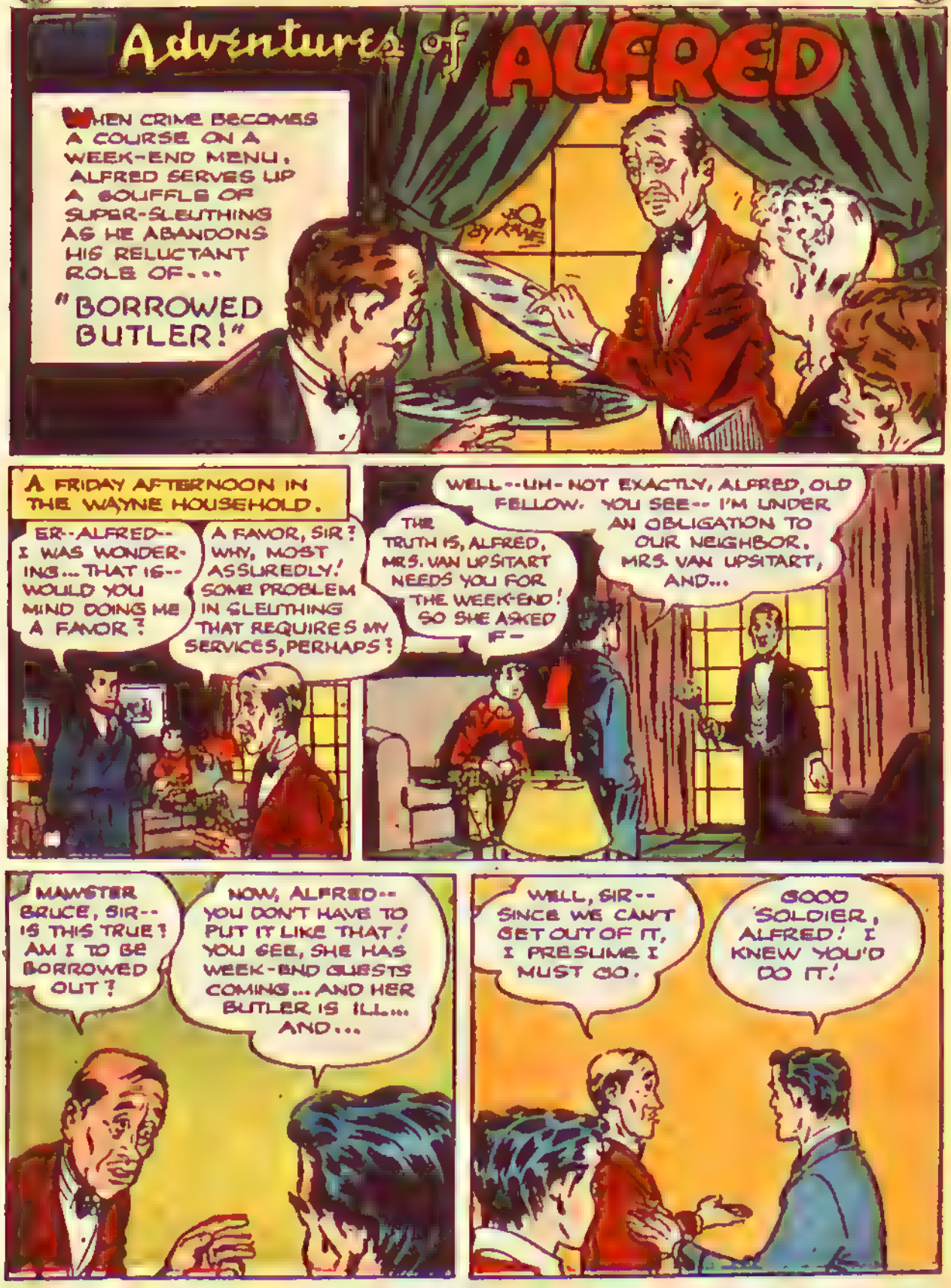
TSK-TSK!— I SHOULDA THUNK OF ASPARAGUS!

RESULT,— THE VEGETABLES WILL GROW STRAIGHT UP INTO THE PRESERVING JARS,— — THE PARAFFIN DISCS,— DRAWN UP BY THE HEAT OF THE SUN, WILL SEAL THE JARS AIR-TIGHT;— — THE STALKS OF THE PLANTS WILL FORCE THE ENTIRE CROP UP KNEE-HIGH FOR CLIPPING.— AND LASTLY— YOU NOW MERELY TOP THE JARS FOR STORAGE. THE END — .

(P.S.— WE'LL BE OVER FOR DINNER.)

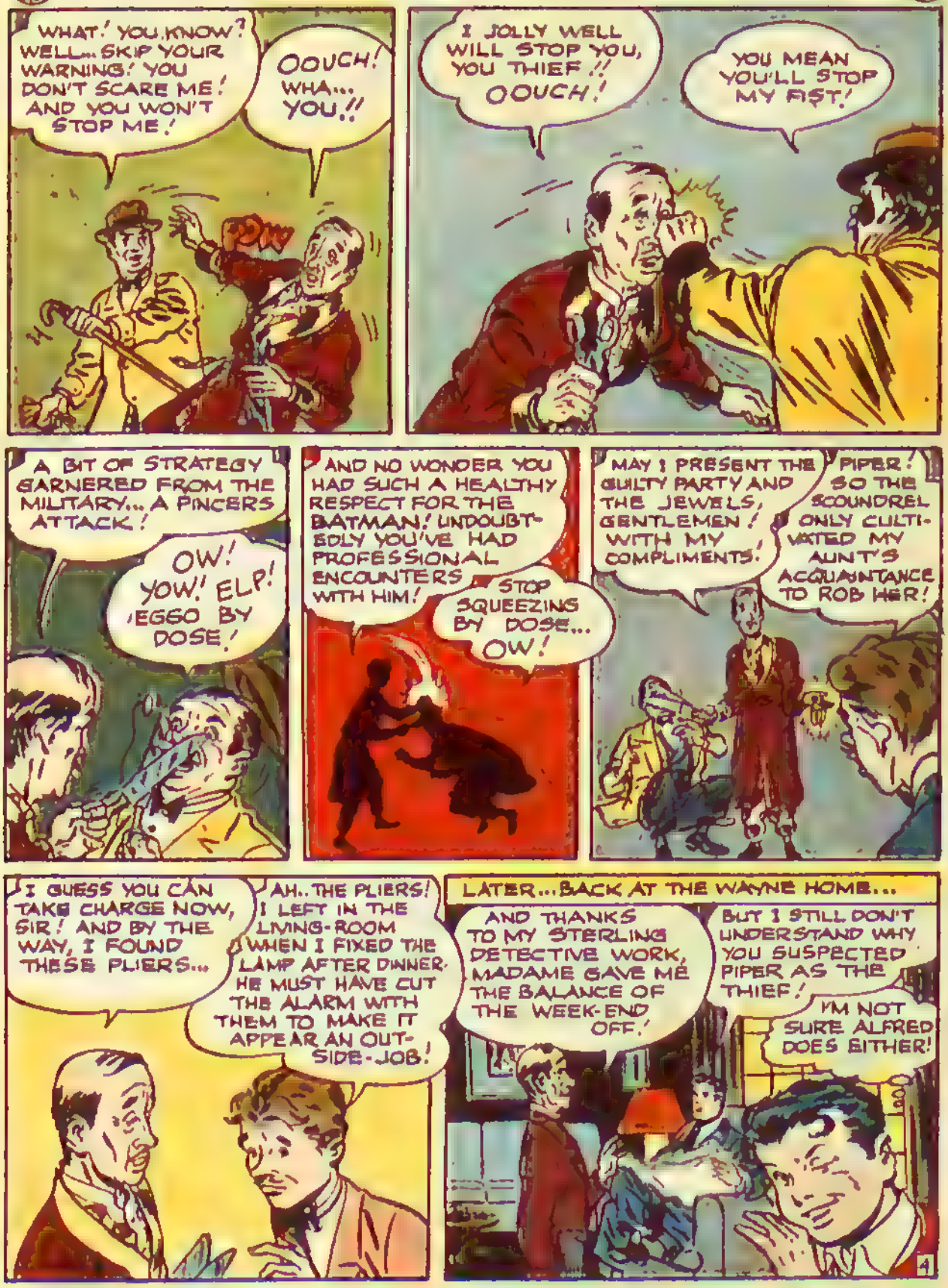
OH, ELMER,— CLIP OFF TWO JARS OF LIMAS, AND ONE OF BEETS FOR DINNER, DEAR!

COMIN' RIGHT UP!


Adventures of ALFRED
WHEN CRIME BECOMES A COURSE ON A WEEK-END MENU, ALFRED SERVES UP A SOUFFLE OF SUPER-SLEUTHING AS HE ABANDONS HIS RELUCTANT ROLE OF...
"BORROWED BUTLER!"
by Kane
A FRIDAY AFTERNOON IN THE WAYNE HOUSEHOLD.
ER--ALFRED--I WAS WONDERING... THAT IS--WOULD YOU MIND DOING ME A FAVOR?
A FAVOR, SIR? WHY, MOST ASSUREDLY! SOME PROBLEM IN SLEUTHING THAT REQUIRES MY SERVICES, PERHAPS?
THE TRUTH IS, ALFRED, MRS. VAN UPSTART NEEDS YOU FOR THE WEEK-END! SO SHE ASKED IF--
WELL--UH--NOT EXACTLY, ALFRED, OLD FELLOW. YOU SEE--I'M UNDER AN OBLIGATION TO OUR NEIGHBOR, MRS. VAN UPSTART, AND...
MAWSTER BRUCE, SIR--IS THIS TRUE? AM I TO BE BORROWED OUT?
NOW, ALFRED--YOU DON'T HAVE TO PUT IT LIKE THAT! YOU SEE, SHE HAS WEEK-END GUESTS COMING... AND HER BUTLER IS ILL... AND...
WELL, SIR--SINCE WE CAN'T GET OUT OF IT, I PRESUME I MUST GO.
GOOD SOLDIER, ALFRED! I KNEW YOU'D DO IT!

SO LATER, WE FIND AN UNHAPPY AND RELUCTANT ALFRED RECEIVING FINAL INSTRUCTIONS IN THE NEARBY HOME OF MRS. VAN UPSTART.
ALFRED, THIS DINNER FOR MY VISITING NEPHEW OSWALD MUST GO SMOOTHLY. THERE ARE ONLY TWELVE GUESTS, YOU WON'T BE OVERWORKED. AND NOW, I MUST RETURN TO THE DINING ROOM...
BAH...ER.. I MEAN ABSOLUTELY!
NOW, OSWALD, HOW DO YOU LIKE YOUR FIRST VISIT TO GOTHAM CITY?
FRANKLY, AUNTIE..IT'S A DULL TOWN!
HMM.. MAYBE IF I SPILL THIS SALAD ON HER DEAR NEPHEW.. BUT NO, IT WOULD BE A REFLECTION ON MR. WAYNE...
WHAT! DULL! NOT WITH THE CELEBRATED BATMAN AROUND! THAT FELLOW IS TERRIFIC! EVERY DAY...
OH, YES, SIR! THE BATMAN IS...
ALFRED! YOU WILL SPEAK WHEN YOU'RE SPOKEN TO!
ER..I BEG PARDON, MA'AM!
SEE THAT IT DOESN'T HAPPEN AGAIN!
BATMAN, MR. PIPER! WHY, I'M SURE HE'S JUST OVER-RATED. NO MAN CAN BE THAT GOOD
THAT YOUNG BOUNDER! HE CAN'T SAY THAT ABOUT BATMAN IN MY PRESENCE! I HOPE MR. PIPER PUTS HIM IN HIS PLACE!
YOU READ TOO MANY NEWSPAPERS, PIPER!
WELL, I'D STILL HATE TO HAVE HIM AROUND IF I WERE A CROOK!
NONSENSE! BATMAN IS ONLY AN ORDINARY... YOW!!
THIS IS THE LAST STRAW...
OOPS..BEG PARDON, SIR!
ALFRED. YOU CLUMSY FOOL!
MY FINGERS... THAT MATCH BURNED THEM! OWOWOW!
HOW COULD YOU DO SUCH A THING, ALFRED! OSWALD, THERE'S SOME TANNIC ACID OINTMENT IN THE MEDICINE CHEST THAT'LL SOOTHE YOUR HANDS...

ER.. I SUPPOSE YOU DON'T WANT ME ANY MORE, MADAME!
I WOULDN'T WANT TO INSULT MR. WAYNE BY SENDING YOU HOME, SO GET ON WITH THE DINNER!
I'LL GET THAT OINTMENT!
POOR ALFRED! IT REALLY LOOKS AS IF HIS EXILE IS GOING TO LAST A FULL WEEK-END! BUT THAT NIGHT AFTER RETIRING...
GRACIOUS GOODNESS! WHAT'S THAT! IT SOUNDED LIKE MRS. VAN UPSITART AND IT CAME FROM THE LIVING ROOM!
DONNING A ROBE, ALFRED HASTENS DOWNSTAIRS, TO FIND...
WH-WHAT HAPPENED!
SOMEONE CUT THE BURGLAR ALARM AND ROBBED HER SAFE! I'VE GOT TO GET HER UPSTAIRS BEFORE SHE GETS HYSTERICAL!
AND THAT CUT BURGLAR ALARM INDICATES AN OUTSIDE JOB! I'LL PHONE THE POLICE!
SOMETIME LATER, AS ALFRED TALKS THINGS OVER WITH THE COOKS...
WELL.. THE POLICE ARE FINALLY LEAVING. THE MISTRESS IS OVERCOME AND OSWALD WON'T LET THEM SEARCH THE GUESTS! HE INSISTS IT'S AN OUTSIDE JOB!
OSWALD! SOME DETECTIVE! HUH..! A PAIR OF WIRE CUTTERS..
DEAR ME... THESE MUST BE WHAT THE BURGLAR USED TO CUT THE BURGLAR ALARM.. BUT WAIT.. WHAT'S THIS GREESE ON THEM... WHY.. WHY IT SMELLS LIKE TANNIC ACID OINTMENT — GRACIOUS!
SO IT WAS OSWALD! I MUST WARN.. BUT NO. MADAME IS IN NO CONDITION.. AH.. I'LL TELL MR. PIPER — HE SEEMED LIKE A MAN OF SOUND JUDGMENT. AH.. THERE HE IS... JUST LEAVING...
WHAT IS IT, ALFRED? I WAS JUST LEAVING TO ENGAGE A PRIVATE DETECTIVE TO LOOK INTO THIS THEFT! THE POLICE DON'T SEEM TO...
ER... I'M SOMETHING OF A SLEUTH MYSELF, SIR. I KNOW GUILT WHEN I SEE IT, AND I WANT TO WARN YOU...


WHAT! YOU KNOW? WELL... SKIP YOUR WARNING! YOU DON'T SCARE ME! AND YOU WON'T STOP ME!
OOUCH! WHA... YOU!!
POW
I JOLLY WELL WILL STOP YOU, YOU THIEF!! OOUCH!
YOU MEAN YOU'LL STOP MY FIST!
A BIT OF STRATEGY GARNERED FROM THE MILITARY... A PINCERS ATTACK!
OW! YOW! ELP! 'EGGO BY DOSE!
AND NO WONDER YOU HAD SUCH A HEALTHY RESPECT FOR THE BATMAN! UNDOUBTEDLY YOU'VE HAD PROFESSIONAL ENCOUNTERS WITH HIM!
STOP SQUEEZING BY DOSE... OW!
MAY I PRESENT THE GUILTY PARTY AND THE JEWELS, GENTLEMEN! WITH MY COMPLIMENTS.
PIPER! SO THE SCOUNDREL ONLY CULTIVATED MY AUNT'S ACQUAINTANCE TO ROB HER!
I GUESS YOU CAN TAKE CHARGE NOW, SIR! AND BY THE WAY, I FOUND THESE PLIERS...
AH.. THE PLIERS! I LEFT IN THE LIVING-ROOM WHEN I FIXED THE LAMP AFTER DINNER. HE MUST HAVE CUT THE ALARM WITH THEM TO MAKE IT APPEAR AN OUTSIDE-JOB!
LATER... BACK AT THE WAYNE HOME...
AND THANKS TO MY STERLING DETECTIVE WORK, MADAME GAVE ME THE BALANCE OF THE WEEK-END OFF!
BUT I STILL DON'T UNDERSTAND WHY YOU SUSPECTED PIPER AS THE THIEF!
I'M NOT SURE ALFRED DOES EITHER!

ACCIDENTS WILL HAPPEN

by Tod Lowry

THEY had been here a whole week now, the two of them. It was a beautiful time of the year to visit this part of the country, and the mountain climbing season was in full swing. Behind the Van Dyke and the altered nose, Hardy plotted the murder of Canby. Or, you might say, it wasn't really being plotted. That had been done months ago. All that remained now was the execution.

Sitting at his usual table in the bar, Hardy looked out at the high peak of Mt. Colony. To look at Hardy, it would be difficult to imagine him a murderer. He looked more like a professor, or a lecturer—or is there any difference?—than a man who had the blood of many victims on his hands. But Hardy was a dealer in death. He was a spy and he sold his knowledge to the highest bidder. Wars, oddly enough, did not interest Hardy personally. They were only business to him.

But he personally was interested in Canby. Why? Because Canby was a high-ranking diplomat who carried locked within a shrewd brain, secrets worth a king's ransom or a country's freedom? No, not that. Canby was a spy, too, a prince among espionage agents. And it was because of Canby that Hardy had lost the only woman he had ever loved, Michele. She had been his most trusted agent, and his most assured source of revenue.

Michele! As Hardy thought of her, his fingers tightened around the whisky glass, tightened until the knuckles were white.

The glass snapped. Hardy recovered himself, quickly dabbed at the small wet spot with his napkin. Fortunately, his hands had not been cut. A waiter hurried over, slashed at the spot, then hustled away and back again with a fresh drink. "Sorry," Hardy said. "It was very clumsy of me."

The waiter smiled. "Accidents will happen, Mr. White," he said. His eyes looked at the old-fashioned cuckoo clock. "I guess Mr. Canby will be down any minute. Incidentally, the cook has packed your lunches. It's quite a climb up old Colony, you know."

Hardy said he knew it was. The waiter walked away.

Michele! Hardy thought of her again. He wasn't trying this time, as he had so often in the past, to keep from his memory the scene that had been related to him. The bare white wall, the rising ball of red sun, its fiery shafts glinting on rifle barrels levelled at a frail figure.

Michele! Dead. She would never have been caught had not Canby tipped off the military. It had taken time, years, to find out who had been responsible. He had known all along Michele couldn't possibly have slipped up. She had been too experienced, too wise in the way of traitors.

And then, slowly, ever so slowly, the information had begun to trickle in. A little gossip in Vienna, some talk in London, an idle thought in Moscow . . . Canby . . . Canby . . . Canby . . . he had done it.

And now, today, Canby would pay.

Hardy smiled, said: "Good morning, Professor Canby. I was afraid you were going to call off our date."

"Nonsense." Canby was small, with a high forehead, intelligent eyes. He really liked mountain climbing. For a week he had been trying to get a party together to scale Mt. Colony. He had done it three times before. But this present group of vacationers were amateurs; they had shied away from the perilous heights of the majestic mountain.

Then, he had met this man called White, who had been a bit timorous at first. Together they had done some climbing, enough for him, Canby, the expert, to see that this man could climb Colony. It wouldn't be a real vacation without going up again.

They had discussed it last night in the bar. And White had agreed to make the trip. Of course, Canby thought now, the man was a little afraid. He had sensed it in the way he had tried to make a joke. "Don't forget, Professor, I've got a lot of employees depending on me. It's all right getting up, but I want to make sure I come down. The right way."

Canby had laughed and said: "Don't worry, Mr. White. I'll take care of you."

He meant it, too. This White would be worth cultivating. He was an oil man who had an interest in shipyards. Already, through the strange channels through which spy news travels, news of England's entry into the war was sifting. It was only a matter of weeks now, instead of months. And a man who built ships might prove very useful.

Canby watched amusedly as White rose from his seat. Why, the man's hands were actually shaking!

"You're sure you want to go up?" Canby asked, half-hoping for a refusal. A scared man never got far on a mountain climb. It was foolish to go out with one, all the prep-

arations would have been for naught.

"More than anything in the world," Hardy said.

"Let's go then," Canby said.

They said goodbye to the waiter and the bartender. In the early morning stillness of the room, their climbing boots as they walked across the rough board floor sounded like marching feet.

Knapsacks were packed and waiting for them. The picks and the rope were alongside them. Canby immediately assumed command.

The sun was only a thin sliver of red, yawning and stretching itself lazily in the East as they reached the foot of the mountain. The air was sharp and bracing.

"We picked a wonderful day for the climb," Canby said happily. "We couldn't have picked a better." He smiled. "By lunch time, we'll be on top looking down on these mortals below."

Hardy said nothing. He felt that he couldn't trust himself to speak. His single glance at the sun had rushed back into his mind thoughts of Michele! Her hair had been red as that sun once—and so had her blood!

He blinked his eyes to wipe out the murder in them. He had waited a long time for this, nothing . . . nothing . . . nothing . . . must prevent the murder that was to be.

Everything had been set in place like the parts in a perfect Swiss watch. Everything would go off just as smoothly, Hardy knew. It would go off the way he had planned it. There would be no hitch. Two men would go up this mountainside. Only one man would return.

And that man would be Hardy.

In his mind's eye, Hardy pictured himself coming down. His face would be white, he would be breathless, his hands would be cut and bleeding and his clothing would be torn. People would say that a man as frightened as he, coming down alive after such a tragedy, must have been touched with the devil's own luck.

And he would say: "I slipped, and poor Canby tried to grab me. He managed to get my collar, pull me to safety. And then, he slipped and went over!"

A hero? It would leave Canby a hero? Why not? After all, heroes were a dime a dozen. And when a man performs a heroic act to save the life of his friend, the authorities are not suspicious, they do not question too closely. Hardy smiled grimly. The *gendarmes* would shrug and say: "Mountain climbing. Accidents will happen, *M'sieu*. They cannot be helped. It is Fate."

Well, he, Hardy, was going to help Fate along this time.

Such were the thoughts that buoyed him up all during the long, agonizing climb, a climb in which he studied Canby's back, a climb on which he reflected the latter's murder. He grunted when, nearing the top, Canby shouted over the wind: "You're doing fine, White. I'll make a real climber out of you yet." He was feeling exhilarated in the fine, sharp air.

And then at last they were there. They stretched out for a moment, because they were spent and tired. Hardy was the last to get up, not because he was the weaker of the two (if only Canby knew how many mountains he, Hardy had climbed these past few years in preparation for this moment!), but because he wanted to think. This was the last part to be put into motion, the last precious part.

Now, still roped, they stood beside each other, two murderers who preferred to be known as business men, dealers in secrets, and looked at the magnificent view. Below them chalets, like tiny doll houses, dotted the green landscape.

Canby drank in deep draughts of the clear, sharp air. The sun was high and bright. "It's beautiful, isn't it, White, beautiful. It makes you happy to be alive."

He did not notice that Hardy had stepped behind him and slipped from the safety rope. Hardy wanted no mistake on balance. The balance of murder *had* to be in his power!

Hardy was surprised to find his body trembling. He said: "She would have loved it. She loved life, too."

Canby turned, his eyes puzzled. "She, White?"

"Michele!" Hardy snapped and murder leaped from his eyes.

Canby's arms thrust out defensively. Hardy had not counted on Canby's over-normal intelligence.

"You're Hardy!" Canby gasped as the former's strong hands clutched his throat. He struggled in demoniac, wild fury and for a moment Hardy took another step back.

But this was his moment of fury, his moment of anger, his time of revenge. This was his murder and he would not be cheated of it! A roar came from his throat and all the pent-up venom of years coursed through his body, turned it into a projectile of iron, a juggernaut of death, a strength no power on earth could at this moment withstand..

A scream burst from Canby's throat as his body hurtled through space, arrowed toward a peaceful valley 13,000 feet below, a valley that all too soon would be torn and bleeding and resound to the rumble of guns and the marching of men. The scream echoed through the high spaces of the valley swallowing up, absorbing every other sound. Even the other scream, the one that tore from the throat of Hardy as his frantic fingers clutched at the rope which had wound itself taut around his ankle, the rope into which he had stepped, and whose other end was around the falling body of Canby.

"Accidents will happen," the gendarmes, viewing the shattered bodies, said later. "It is Fate."

BATMAN WITH ROBIN

A POLICE DIVISION STORY

by BOB KANE

IF IT'S TROUBLE YOU'RE LOOKING FOR, JOIN THE ROYAL CANADIAN MOUNTED POLICE! COURAGEOUS AND RESOURCEFUL, THESE COLORFUL RED-COATED LAWMEN PATROL A BEAT LARGER THAN ANY OTHER IN THE WORLD... FROM THE BLUE PACIFIC TO THE STORMY ATLANTIC, FROM THE GREAT LAKES TO THE FAR, FROZEN ARCTIC! AND THEIR MOTTO—"THE MOUNTIES ALWAYS GET THEIR MAN!"—IS NO IDLE SLOGAN, AS **BATMAN** AND **ROBIN** SWIFTLY LEARN WHEN THEY TEAM UP WITH THE POLICE FORCE OF THE NORTHERN WILDERNESS TO TRAP A SHREWD AND REMORSELESS BAND OF...

"FELT PLUNDERERS!"

ON VACATION IN CANADA'S REMOTE NORTHWEST TERRITORIES, NEAR HUDSON BAY, TWO FAMILIAR FIGURES TRACK THE FLEET CARIBOU-SOCIETY PLAYBOY BRUCE WAYNE AND HIS YOUNG WARD, DICK GRAYSON...
IT CERTAINLY IS A RELIEF TO GET AWAY FROM THE NOISY CITY AND CROOK-CHASING!
YOU SAID IT, BRUCE! NOW IF WE CAN ONLY FIND SOMETHING TO HUNT!...
SUDDENLY...
ARF! ARF! NO, YOU DON'T! GET HIM, YOU MUGGS!
WHAT—?
SOMETHING'S GOING ON! WE'D BETTER INVESTIGATE!
THE MUTTS STOPPED TO FIGHT OVER THE MEAT WE THREW 'EM LIKE THE BOSS SAID THEY WOULD!
NOW KAYO THIS CHUMP AND GRAB THE FURS!
A HOLDUP—HERE IN THE NORTH WOODS! C'MON, DICK!
SPLIT SECONDS LATER, DOUBLE DISASTER STRIKES THE GANG AS BATMAN AND ROBIN SPRING INTO ACTION!
YOW!
LOOK WHO'S HERE! OUTA MY WAY!
DON'T BREAK IT UP, RATS! LEAVE THAT TO US!
THERE OUGHTA BE A LAW MAKIN' YOU GUYS STAY IN THE CITY, WHERE YOU BELONG!... OOOF!
LOOKS LIKE WE'RE NEEDED EVERYWHERE!
WE'VE GOT HIM OUTNUMBERED, BOYS! LET'S FINISH HIM!
YOU MEAN LIKE THIS?

GET BACK! I LIKE LOTS OF AIR!
WAIT A MINUTE AND I'LL LET PLENTY OF IT INTO YOU!
NEARBY, ROBIN IS BUSY—BUT NOT TOO BUSY TO NOTICE BATMAN'S SUDDEN PERIL!
LIE DOWN! YOU LOOK TIRED!... OH-OH! BATMAN'S ON THE SPOT AND DOESN'T KNOW IT!
ULP!
HERE'S SNOW IN YOUR EYE, BUSHWHACKER!
TRY TO SHOOT ME IN THE BACK, WILL YOU? THAT ALWAYS MAKES ME ANGRY!
WOP!
IN A MATTER OF MINUTES...
I'M ONE GRATEFUL MAN! YOU SAVE MY FURS — ONE WHOLE YEAR WORK!
I'M GLAD! NOW LET'S GET THESE VERMIN TO THE POLICE!
THESE MEN ARE CITY CROOKS, NOT LOCAL POACHERS! MY GUESS IS THAT WE'RE UP AGAINST ORGANIZED CRIME... AND THAT THERE ARE MORE WHERE THESE CAME FROM!

A SHREWD GUESS, BATMAN! FOR, NOT FAR AWAY, SKINNER SHORT—A NOTORIOUS GANG LEADER FROM THE STATES—CONFERS WITH SOME OF HIS HENCHMEN!

BOY, THIS WAS A GREAT IDEA OF YOURS, SKINNER... COMIN' UP HERE TO PULL JOBS! IT'S BETTER'N CITY! STUFF!

NATURALLY! THERE'S NOTHIN' LIKE FRESH AIR AND LOTS O' DOUGH—AND NO BATMAN SNUFFLING AROUND TO MAKE TROUBLE!

THESE LOCAL YOKELS KNOCK THEMSELVES OUT TRAPPING BEAVERS ALL YEAR—AND ALL WE HAVE TO DO IS JUMP IN WITH OUR MODERN CRIME METHODS AND GRAB OFF THE PELTS!

YEAH! WE CAN GET RICH HERE AND GO BACK TO THE STATES TO SPEND THE COIN!

RICH AIN'T THE WORD FOR THE KINDA JACK WE'RE GONNA TAKE IN! NOW THIS JOB I'M PLANNING, FOR INSTANCE...LISTEN CLOSE...

SHORTLY AFTER, AT ROYAL CANADIAN MOUNTED POLICE HEADQUARTERS...

MUCH OBLIGED, BATMAN! THOSE CROOKS YOU BROUGHT IN MUST BE PART OF THE B G GANG OF FUR ROBBERS THAT'S PREYING ON THIS TERRITORY!

THERE'S A MESSAGE COMING IN OVER THE RADIO, SERGEANT! ANOTHER ROBBERY GOING ON!

A NUMBER OF TRAPPERS TRAVELING TOGETHER FOR SAFETY ARE BEING ATTACKED NEAR APPOMANTIC, WHILE TAKING THEIR FURS TO MARKET! SEND REINFORCEMENTS QUICKLY!

THAT'S THIRTY MILES AWAY! WE'D BETTER HURRY! CARE TO COME ALONG, GENTS?

YOU BET!

THE MOUNTIES USE HORSES, DON'T THEY? THEN HOW'LL THEY GO THIRTY MILES IN TIME TO STOP THAT ROBBERY!

YOU'LL SEE IN A MINUTE!

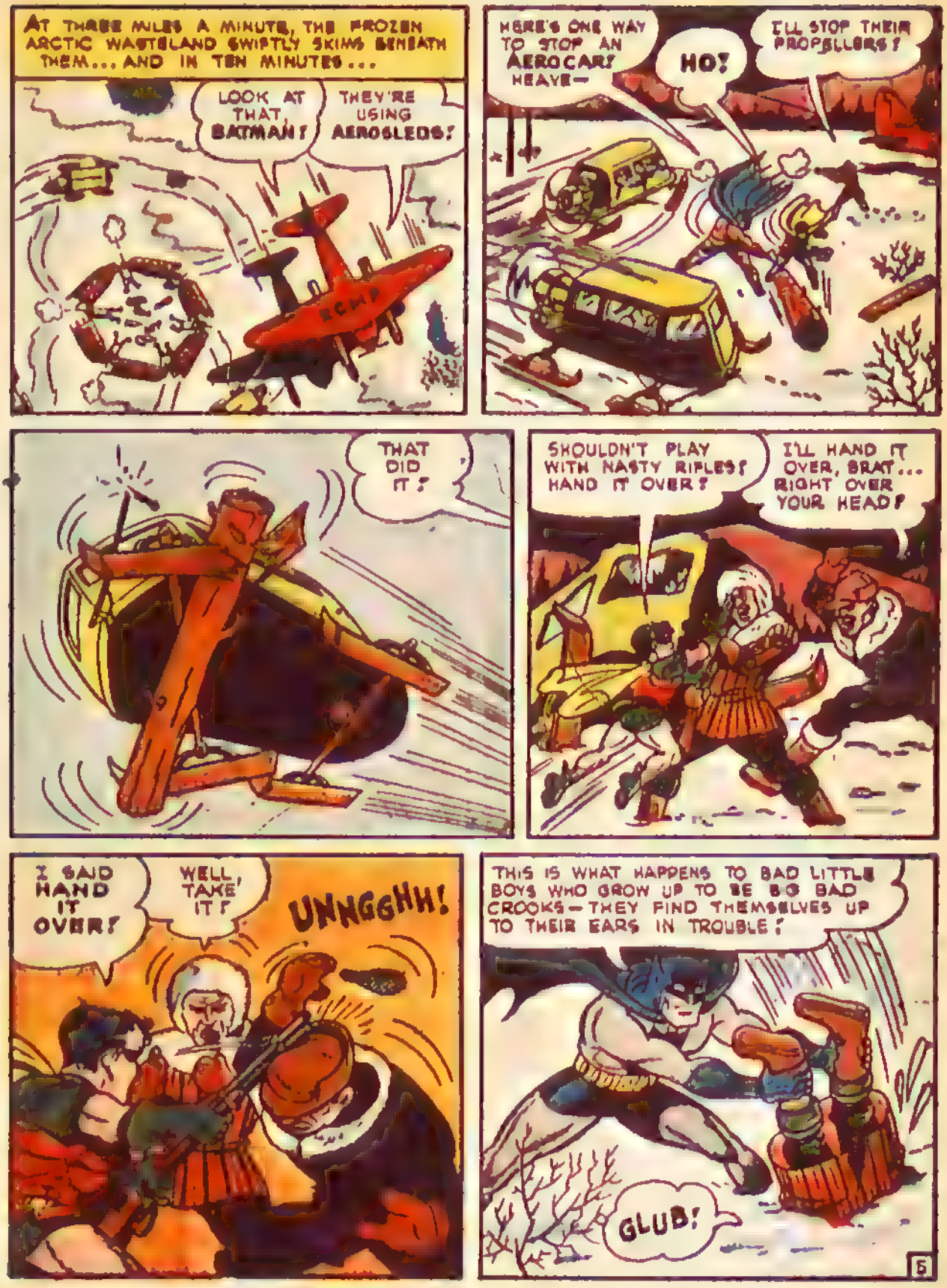
COME ON, MEN!

RCMP

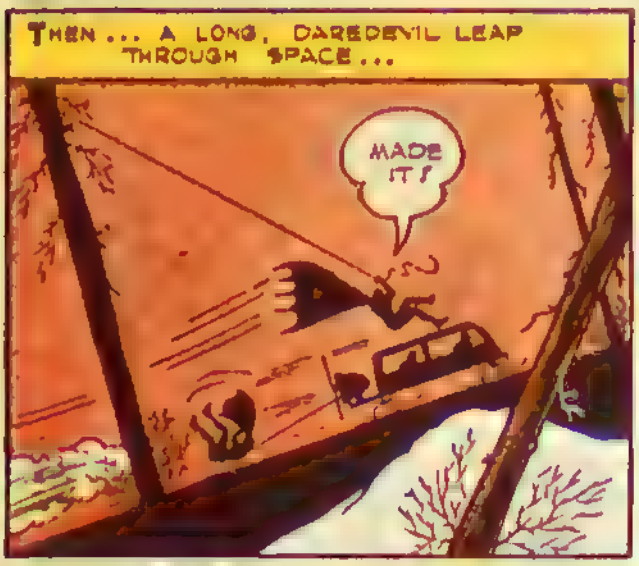
MOMENTS LATER...

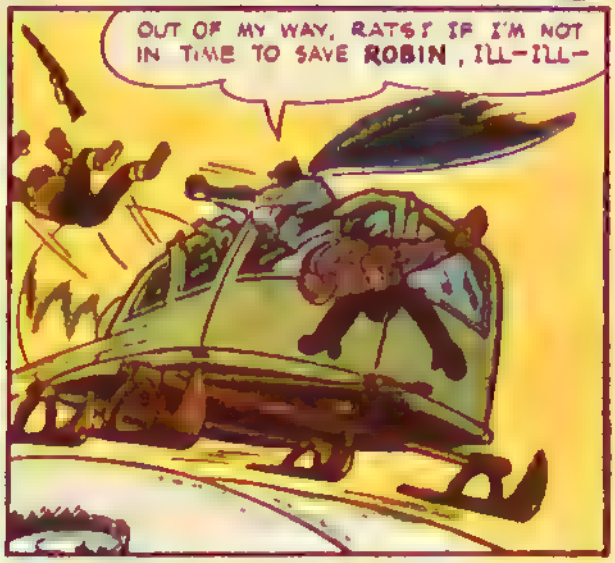
I GET IT—THE MOUNTIES AREN'T ALWAYS MOUNTED!

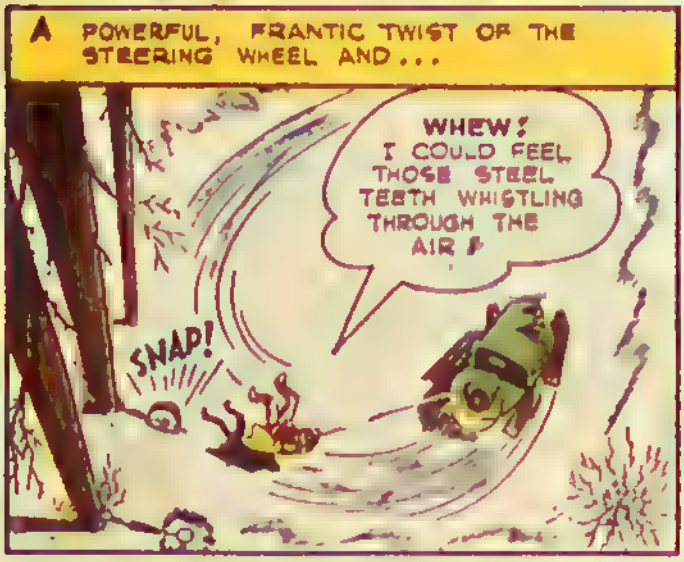
RIGHT, ROBIN! THEY STILL USE HORSES—BUT THEY ALSO USE EVERY DEVICE KNOWN TO SCIENCE TO COMBAT CRIME!


AT THREE MILES A MINUTE, THE FROZEN ARCTIC WASTELAND SWIFTLY SKIMS BENEATH THEM... AND IN TEN MINUTES...
LOOK AT THAT, BATMAN!
THEY'RE USING AEROSLEDS!
RCMP
HERE'S ONE WAY TO STOP AN AEROCAR! HEAVE—
HO!
I'LL STOP THEIR PROPELLERS!
THAT DID IT!
SHOULDN'T PLAY WITH NASTY RIFLES! HAND IT OVER!
I'LL HAND IT OVER, BRAT... RIGHT OVER YOUR HEAD!
I SAID HAND IT OVER!
WELL, TAKE IT!
UNNGGHH!
THIS IS WHAT HAPPENS TO BAD LITTLE BOYS WHO GROW UP TO BE BIG BAD CROOKS—THEY FIND THEMSELVES UP TO THEIR EARS IN TROUBLE!
GLUB!
5

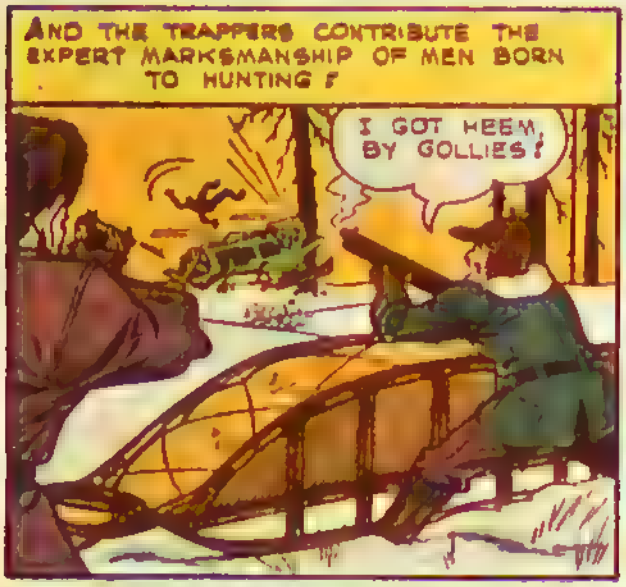
BRING YOUR FRIENDS! THE MORE THE MERRIER!
MEANWHILE, THE MOUNTIES ARE NOT EXACTLY SITTING AROUND WATCHING THE DYNAMIC DUO IN ACTION!
THIS'LL SMOKE OUT THOSE AMBUSHERS!
WE GIVE UP (SOB)!
SOB! SOB!
SUDDENLY...
HOPE YOU GOT YOUR WILL MADE OUT, BRAT— BECAUSE THIS IS GONNA BE THE END OF YOU!
OH-OH! I SEE WHERE I'M NOT GOING TO LIKE THIS!
HE'S BEING DRAGGED INTO A LINE OF BEAVER TRAPS! HE'LL BE KILLED!
LEOPARD-LITHE, BATMAN'S TRAINED MUSCLES RESPOND WITH INSTANT SWIFTNESS TO HIS YOUNG AIDE'S PERIL!
COME ON, BATPOON! YOU'VE WORKED BEFORE— DON'T FAIL ME NOW!
6


THEN ... A LONG, DAREDEVIL LEAP THROUGH SPACE ...
MADE IT!

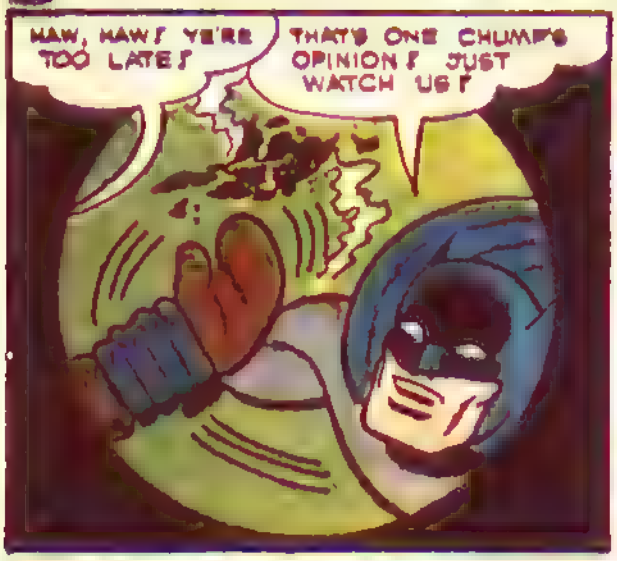

OUT OF MY WAY, RATS! IF I'M NOT IN TIME TO SAVE ROBIN, I'LL-I'LL-

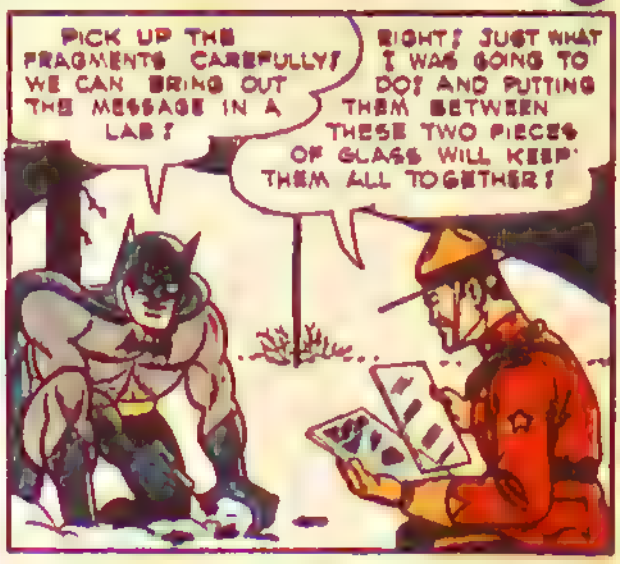

A POWERFUL, FRANTIC TWIST OF THE STEERING WHEEL AND ...
WHEW! I COULD FEEL THOSE STEEL TEETH WHISTLING THROUGH THE AIR!
SNAP!

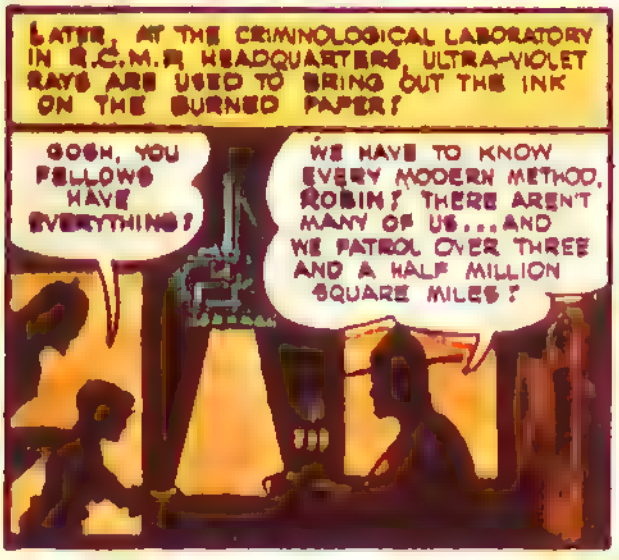
IN THE MEANTIME, THE STREAMLINED RED-COATED POLICE FORCE HAS BEEN OPERATING WITH DEADLY PRECISION, SNAPPING THE SKI-STRUTS WITH UNERRING BULLETS!

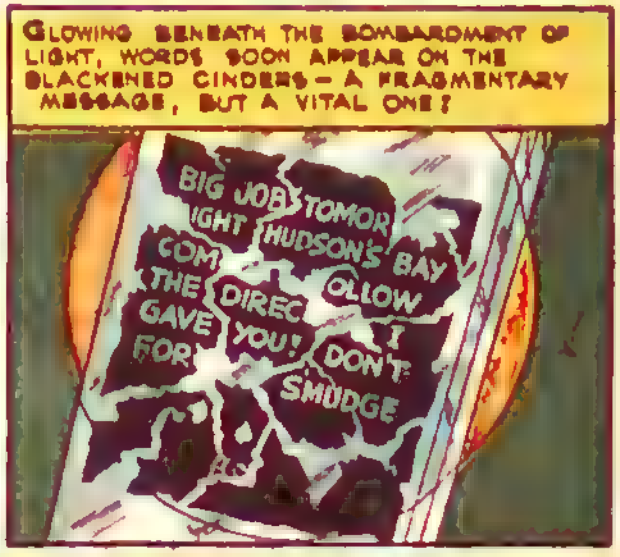

AND THE TRAPPERS CONTRIBUTE THE EXPERT MARKSMANSHIP OF MEN BORN TO HUNTING!
I GOT HEEM, BY GOLLIES!

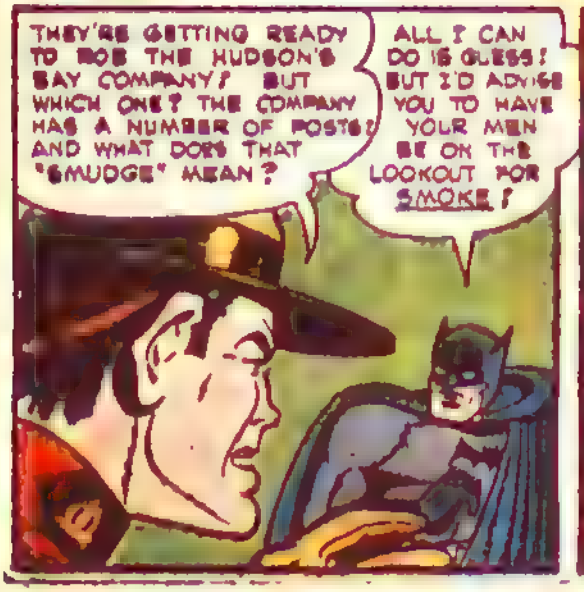
AND, SOON, THE GANG IS ROUNDED UP IN UTTER DEFEAT!
GOOD WORK! NOT ONE GOT AWAY!
HEY! STOP THAT CROOK! HE'S BURNING A PIECE OF PAPER!


HAW, HAW! YE'RE TOO LATE!
THAT'S ONE CHUMP'S OPINION! JUST WATCH US!

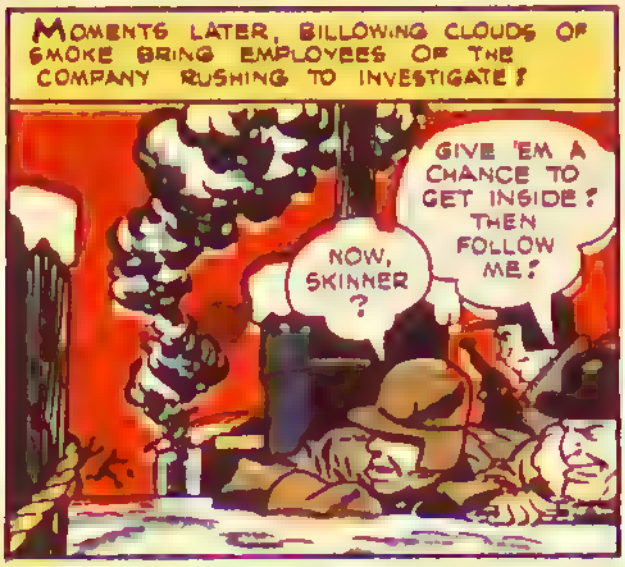

PICK UP THE FRAGMENTS CAREFULLY! WE CAN BRING OUT THE MESSAGE IN A LAB!
RIGHT! JUST WHAT I WAS GOING TO DO! AND PUTTING THEM BETWEEN THESE TWO PIECES OF GLASS WILL KEEP THEM ALL TOGETHER!


LATER, AT THE CRIMINOLOGICAL LABORATORY IN R.C.M.P. HEADQUARTERS, ULTRA-VIOLET RAYS ARE USED TO BRING OUT THE INK ON THE BURNED PAPER!
GOSH, YOU FELLOWS HAVE EVERYTHING!
WE HAVE TO KNOW EVERY MODERN METHOD, ROBIN! THERE AREN'T MANY OF US... AND WE PATROL OVER THREE AND A HALF MILLION SQUARE MILES!

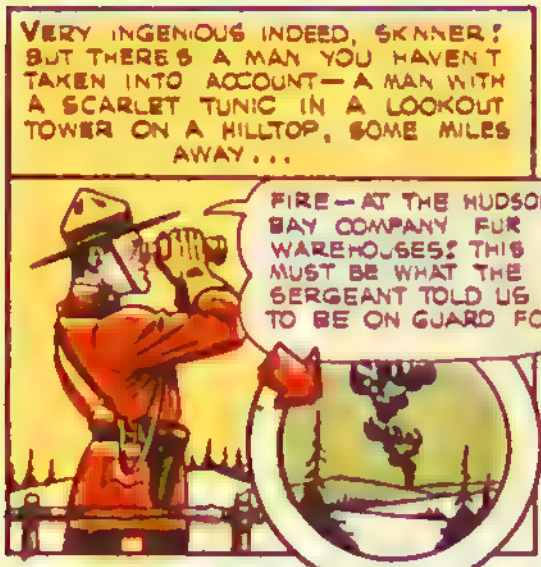

GLOWING BENEATH THE BOMBARDMENT OF LIGHT, WORDS SOON APPEAR ON THE BLACKENED CINDERS — A FRAGMENTARY MESSAGE, BUT A VITAL ONE!
BIG JOB
TOMOR
IGHT
HUDSON'S BAY
COM
OLLOW
THE
DIREC
GAVE
YOU!
I
FOR
DON'T
SMUDGE


THEY'RE GETTING READY TO ROB THE HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY! BUT WHICH ONE? THE COMPANY HAS A NUMBER OF POSTS! AND WHAT DOES THAT "SMUDGE" MEAN?
ALL I CAN DO IS GUESS! BUT I'D ADVISE YOU TO HAVE YOUR MEN BE ON THE LOOKOUT FOR SMOKE!

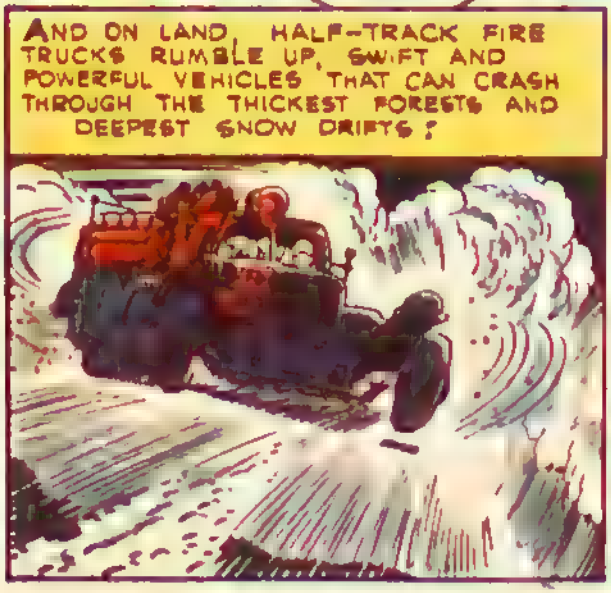
NEXT NIGHT, AT ONE OF THE EXPORT POSTS OF THE HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY...
GOT 'IM!
SKIN WAREHOUSE
SLIP THESE SMUDGEPOTS IN THE WAREHOUSE AND GET OUT OF SIGHT FAST!

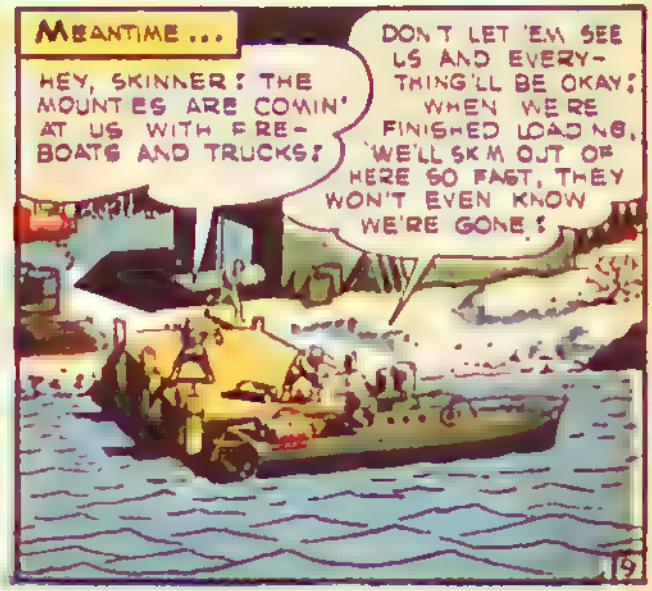

MOMENTS LATER, BILLOWING CLOUDS OF SMOKE BRING EMPLOYEES OF THE COMPANY RUSHING TO INVESTIGATE!
NOW, SKINNER?
GIVE 'EM A CHANCE TO GET INSIDE! THEN FOLLOW ME!

OKAY, BOSS! THEY'RE LOCKED INSIDE, WHERE THEY CAN'T BOTHER US ANY!
GOOD! NOW WE CAN TAKE OUR TIME STRIPPING THE WAREHOUSES! PRETTY CLEVER, HUH?

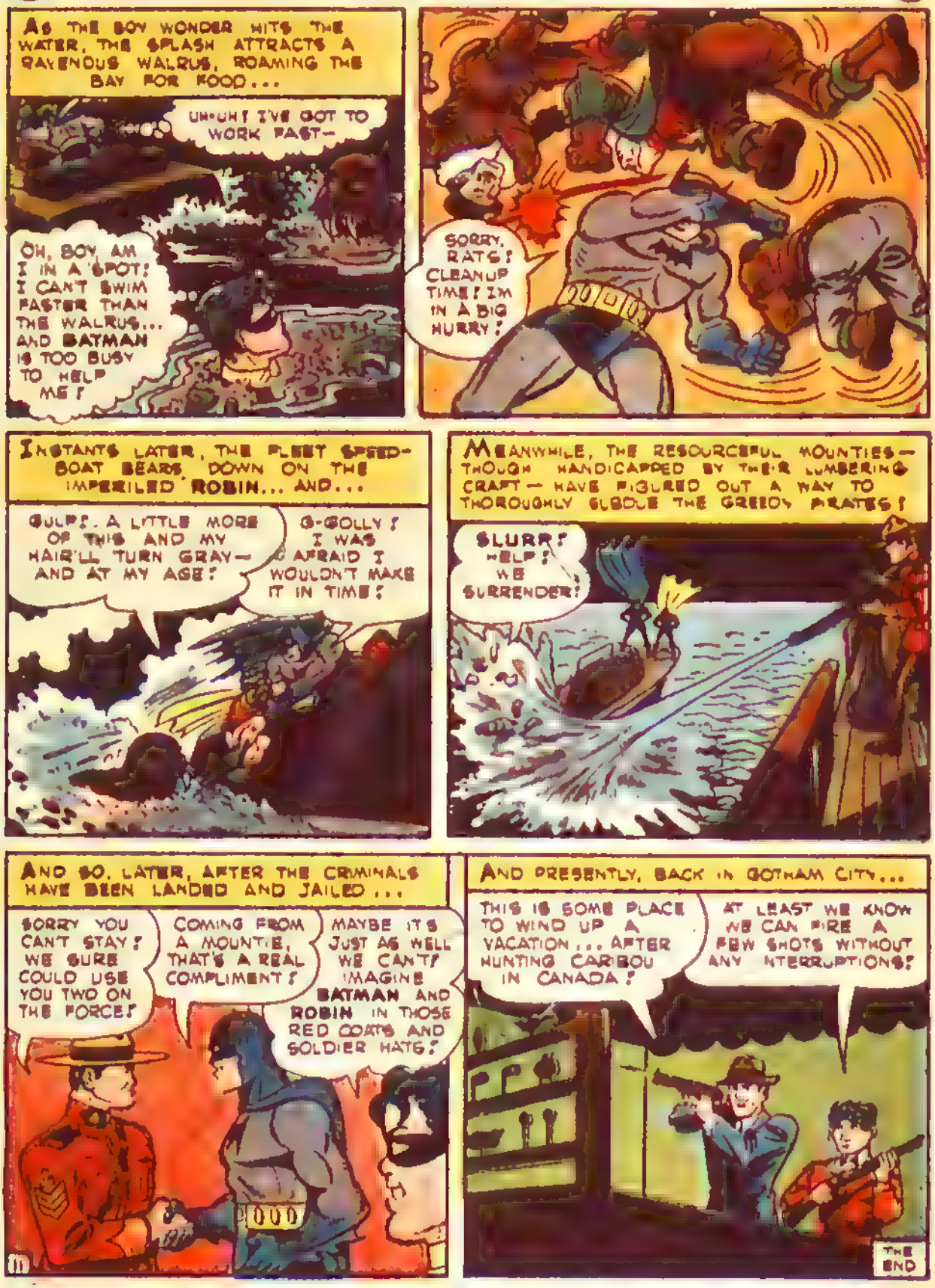

VERY INGENIOUS INDEED, SKINNER! BUT THERE'S A MAN YOU HAVEN'T TAKEN INTO ACCOUNT—A MAN WITH A SCARLET TUNIC IN A LOOKOUT TOWER ON A HILLTOP, SOME MILES AWAY...
FIRE—AT THE HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY FUR WAREHOUSES! THIS MUST BE WHAT THE SERGEANT TOLD US TO BE ON GUARD FOR!

TERSE CODE CRACKLES THROUGH THE ETHER... AND IN A SHORT WHILE, PREBOATS SWARM IN FROM SEAWARD!


AND ON LAND, HALF-TRACK FIRE TRUCKS RUMBLE UP, SWIFT AND POWERFUL VEHICLES THAT CAN CRASH THROUGH THE THICKEST FORESTS AND DEEPEST SNOW DRIFTS!


MEANTIME...
HEY, SKINNER! THE MOUNTIES ARE COMIN' AT US WITH PRE-BOATS AND TRUCKS!
DON'T LET 'EM SEE US AND EVERYTHING'LL BE OKAY! WHEN WE'RE FINISHED LOADING, WE'LL SKIM OUT OF HERE SO FAST, THEY WON'T EVEN KNOW WE'RE GONE!

BUT THE SHARP EYES OF THE MOUNTED POLICE HAVE ALWAYS CAUSED TROUBLE FOR CRIMINALS...
YOU'RE RIGHT! EVERYONE ON THE ALERT! CLOSE IN ON IT!
LOOK AT THAT BOAT THERE, SERGEANT! THAT ISN'T ONE OF THE COMPANY'S BOATS!
WE FINISHED TOO LATE! THEY'RE COMIN' RIGHT AT US!
LET 'EM! I'LL FILL 'EM FULL OF LEAD AND SINK 'EM!
THEY THINK BULLETS WILL STOP US, EH? GET THE ONE-POUNDERS READY!
LET ME TRY SOMETHING FIRST, SERGEANT! YOU KEEP US COVERED WITH A LOW BARRAGE SO THEY WON'T DARE TO LIFT THEIR HEADS!
A POWERFUL SMALL GUN ROARS WITH DEADLY AIM...
AND BREECHES-BUOYS SLIDE THROUGH THE AIR WITH THE DYNAMIC DUO!
HUH? I'LL CUT 'EM DOWN BEFORE THEY GET HERE!
GET DOWN, SKINNER! YOU'LL GET PLUGGED!
NOT TILL I PLUG 'EM FIRST!
ULP!


AS THE BOY WONDER HITS THE WATER, THE SPLASH ATTRACTS A RAVENOUS WALRUS, ROAMING THE BAY FOR FOOD...
UH-UH! I'VE GOT TO WORK FAST—
OH, BOY, AM I IN A SPOT! I CAN'T SWIM FASTER THAN THE WALRUS... AND BATMAN IS TOO BUSY TO HELP ME!
SORRY, RATS! CLEANUP TIME! I'M IN A BIG HURRY!
INSTANTS LATER, THE FLEET SPEED-BOAT BEARS DOWN ON THE IMPERILED ROBIN... AND...
GULP! A LITTLE MORE OF THIS AND MY HAIR'LL TURN GRAY— AND AT MY AGE!
G-GOLLY! I WAS AFRAID I WOULDN'T MAKE IT IN TIME!
MEANWHILE, THE RESOURCEFUL MOUNTIES— THOUGH HANDICAPPED BY THEIR LUMBERING CRAFT— HAVE FIGURED OUT A WAY TO THOROUGHLY SLEUTH THE GREEDY PIRATES!
SLURR! HELP! WE SURRENDER!
AND SO, LATER, AFTER THE CRIMINALS HAVE BEEN LANDED AND JAILED...
SORRY YOU CAN'T STAY! WE SURE COULD USE YOU TWO ON THE FORCE!
COMING FROM A MOUNTIE, THAT'S A REAL COMPLIMENT!
MAYBE IT'S JUST AS WELL WE CAN'T! IMAGINE BATMAN AND ROBIN IN THOSE RED COATS AND SOLDIER HATS!
AND PRESENTLY, BACK IN GOTHAM CITY...
THIS IS SOME PLACE TO WIND UP A VACATION... AFTER HUNTING CARIBOU IN CANADA!
AT LEAST WE KNOW WE CAN FIRE A FEW SHOTS WITHOUT ANY INTERRUPTIONS!
THE END

HI FELLERS

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Uncle Sam needs your help in winning this war. You can do your share by obtaining War Stamps. Send me the coupon on the bottom of this page and learn how you can earn War Stamps and prizes by delivering Collier's to regular customers whom you obtain in your neighborhood.

CURTIS P-40

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ADDRESS_____

CITY_____ STATE_____

The 97 Pound Weakling

— Who became "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man"

"I'll Prove that YOU too can be a NEW MAN!"

Charles Atlas

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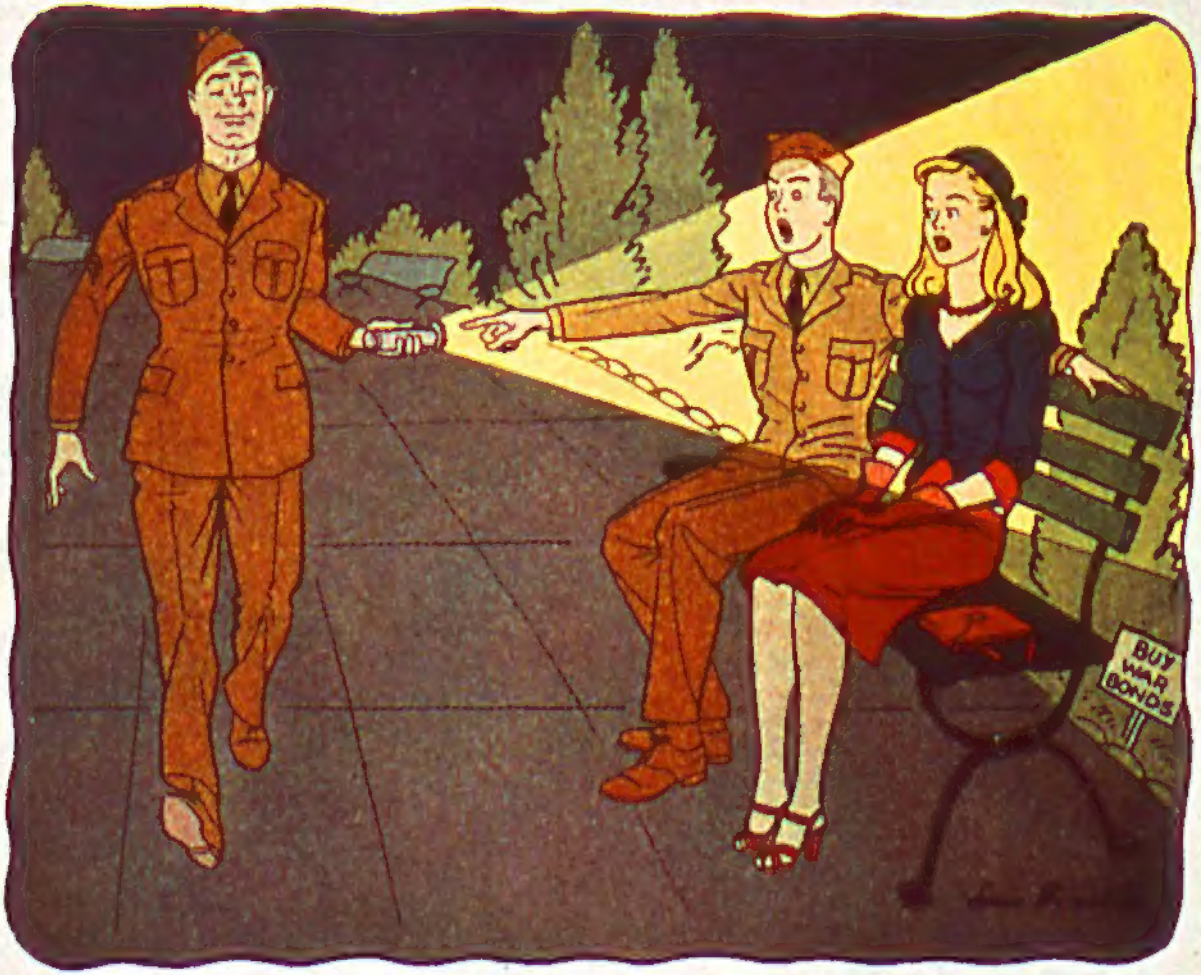

"You're violating the blackout, Sergeant."

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